



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

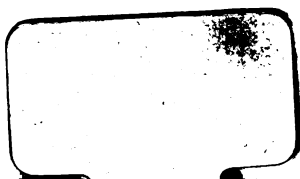
### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





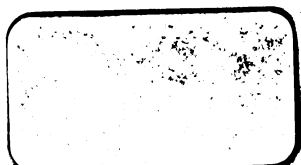
600082644U







600082644U





100  
100

100  
100

100  
100

100  
100

100  
100

100  
100

100  
100

100  
100

100  
100

100  
100

100  
100

100  
100

100  
100

100  
100

100  
100

# POEMS.

BY

HARRIETT STOCKALL.



*SECOND SERIES.*

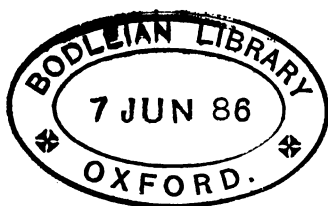


LONDON:  
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.,  
1886.

*All rights reserved.*

*200*





TO

**CHARLES DICKENS**

SON AND NAMESAKE OF

**ENGLAND'S GREAT NOVELIST,**

THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED,

IN GRATEFUL APPRECIATION OF MUCH KINDNESS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

OF

# CONTENTS.



	PAGE
IN A GARDEN (Second Series):	
I. Laurel . . . . .	3
II. Yellow Crocuses . . . . .	6
III. Laurestinus . . . . .	9
IV. Stephanotis . . . . .	13
V. Blackthorn . . . . .	16
VI. White Violets . . . . .	19
VII. Wood Anemone . . . . .	22
VIII. Cherry Blossom . . . . .	25
IX. Bluebells . . . . .	28
X. Hawthorn . . . . .	31
XI. Sweetbriar . . . . .	34
XII. Buttercups . . . . .	37
XIII. Bindweed . . . . .	40
XIV. Eglantine . . . . .	43
XV. Wisteria . . . . .	46
XVI. Woodruffe . . . . .	49
XVII. Honeysuckle . . . . .	52
XVIII. Carnations . . . . .	55
XIX. Harebells . . . . .	58
XX. Bramble . . . . .	61
XXI. Tuberoses . . . . .	64
XXII. Chrysanthemums . . . . .	67
XXIII. Christmas Roses . . . . .	70

	PAGE
AFTER THE WRECK . . . . .	73
"AURELIA" . . . . .	77
A MIDWAY MILESTONE . . . . .	79
AN OLD SONG . . . . .	84
A PICTURE FROM ABROAD . . . . .	88
BEFORE SAILING . . . . .	91
BY THE FIRELIGHT . . . . .	93
"CARISSIMA" . . . . .	98
FROM LOVE'S ASHES . . . . .	103
GIVING IN MARRIAGE . . . . .	107
GLADYS . . . . .	109
HOMEWARD BOUND . . . . .	112
IN SNOW TIME . . . . .	117
IRRESOLVABLE . . . . .	119
IN AN OLD PALACE . . . . .	121
JUNE . . . . .	127
LONGFELLOW . . . . .	129
MISSING . . . . .	131
OCTOBER . . . . .	134
PARKHURST (The Convicts' Graveyard) . . . . .	136
PASSION FLOWERS . . . . .	141
PATIENCE . . . . .	144
TAY BRIDGE . . . . .	146
THE ONE EWE LAMB . . . . .	149
TO THE MEMORY . . . . .	154
TWO CHILDREN . . . . .	156
TWO PORTRAITS . . . . .	160
WORK . . . . .	165
HISTORICAL BALLADS:	
THE BALLAD OF BOTHWELLHAUGH . . . . .	167
THE BALLAD OF QUEEN ELFRIDA . . . . .	175

# POEMS.

(SECOND SERIES.)

Many of the following poems have appeared in ALL THE  
YEAR ROUND and HOUSEHOLD WORDS, and are here reprinted  
by the kind permission of Charles Dickens, Esq.

# IN A GARDEN

(SECOND SERIES).

---


*"How strong they are, those subtle spells  
That lurk in leaves and flower-bells,  
Rising from faint perfumes:  
Or mingling with some olden strain,  
Strike through the music notes of pain,  
And people empty rooms."*

(FROM IN A GARDEN, First Series.)

---

## I.

LAUREL.

 PICTURED face, in frame of gold,  
Large, tender eyes, and forehead bold,  
And firm, unflinching mouth;  
A face that tells of mingled birth—  
The calmness of the northern earth,  
The passion of the south!

The one face in the world to me,  
The face I never more shall see  
Until God's kingdom come!  
Oh, tender eyes! oh, firm strong lips!  
What comfort in my life's eclipse?  
What succour? Ye are dumb!



## IN A GARDEN.

I brought the blossoms of the spring  
To deck my true love's offering,  
While he was far away :  
With rose's bloom, with pansy's grace,  
I wreathed the well-belovèd face ;  
I have no flowers to day !

But laurel, laurel for my brave,  
My hero lying in his grave  
Upon that foreign sod !  
He passed amid the crash of guns,  
Beyond the farthest sun of suns,  
A kingly soul, to God !

He died upon the battle-field,  
He knew not, he, to fly nor yield,  
Bold Britain's worthy son !  
And I will wreathe his laurel crown,  
Although the bitter tears run down—  
I was his chosen one.

He loved his country, so did I ;  
He parted forth to do or die,  
And I—I let him go ;  
Oh dear, dear land ; we gave thee all,  
God bless the banner, and the pall,  
God help the mourner's woe !

I hear the bells ring loud and sweet,  
I hear the shouting in the street,  
    For joy of victory;  
The very children cease their play,  
To babble of the victor's bay,  
    And pennons flutter free.

I hear the vivas long and loud,  
As they ride onward through the crowd,  
    His comrades bold and brave;  
The shouts of triumph rend the air,  
Oh, he must hear them lying there,  
    My hero in his grave!

I do not grudge thee, darling mine:  
I, the last daughter of a line  
    Whose warrior blood ran free  
Upon the battle-fields of old;  
Thou wast not mine to have and hold,  
    The land had need of thee.

I do not grudge thee; I shall smile  
Belov'd, in a little while,  
    And glory in thy name;  
I hold love's laurel in my hand,  
But take thou from the grateful land  
    Thy wreath of deathless fame!

## II.

## YELLOW CROCUSES.

**T**HE wind has wailed itself to rest,  
A watery glory fills the west,  
Where drops the dying sun:  
Among the trees the thrushes sing,  
The finch and blackbird pipe of spring  
And gladness new begun.

The sparrow twitters in the eaves,  
The lilac shakes her dripping leaves,  
New leaves of palest green;  
Upon the lawn the daisies grow,  
And in the borders all a-row  
The crocuses are seen.

Bright flowers and brave! the wind hath blown  
All day with ceaseless sob and moan  
About your slender forms;  
All day each golden head was bent,  
While March's passion found a vent  
In cruellest of storms.

## IN A GARDEN.

7

Yet no gold petals strew the ground,  
The old box-borders fenced you round  
    From wind and driving showers;  
The green box-borders, older far  
By many a decade than ye are,  
    My yellow spring-time flowers!

Ye bent full meekly to the blast,  
And now the storm is overpast;  
    The silver drops of rain  
Fall from your petals one by one,  
As towards the slowly-dying sun  
    Ye lift your heads again.

Bent, but not broken by the storm,  
Ye look again for sunshine warm,  
    For spring's refreshing breeze;  
For busy brown bee flitting by,  
For fairy kiss of butterfly,  
    For music in the trees.

And with to-morrow these shall come,  
The sunshine and the wild bees' hum,  
    The butterfly's white wing;  
And my brave golden flowers shall share  
With all sweet things in earth and air  
    The gladness of the spring.

Ah, bonnie flowers ! ye mind me well  
Of that old sorrow which befell

My heart in early years ;  
The storm that vexed me in my youth,  
That shook my faith in love and truth,  
That fained in bitter tears !

But old love fenced me from the blast,  
And when the storm was overpast,  
Among life's freshening bowers  
I lifted up my drooping head,  
And not one tender leaf was shed  
Of love's own golden flowers.

Bent, but not broken by the storm,  
I turned me to the sunshine warm,  
And smiled at life again ;  
The old box-borders screened the flowers,  
Love sheltered me in those far hours  
From sorrow's wind and rain !

III.

LAURESTINUS.

**N**OW empty seems the firelit room,  
 Where half in glow, and half in gloom  
 Her life's mute tokens lie ;  
 An open desk, a book laid down,  
 A mantle dropped, of gold and brown,  
 The bloodhound watching by.

An easel veiled, and thereupon  
 Her finished work, a victory won  
 By months of honest toil :  
 The fair fulfilment of her dreams  
 Among her native woods and streams,  
 Far from the world's turmoil.

Beside the bloodhound's mighty jaw  
 Her flower has dropped ; with tender awe  
 I mark the hardy spray  
 Of laurestinus, glossy green,  
 White flowers and tiny buds between,  
 All pink as unblown May.

I dare not touch the pretty prize,  
O'er-watched by those half-open eyes;  
    But looking on the flower,  
It seems most meet that she should wear  
This blossom, blown in winter air,  
    And washed by winter's shower.

No rose for her of ruddy hue,  
With thorns to pierce, as love's thorns do.  
    Or steep the soul in sense;  
No lily trembling on its stem,  
However meet such diadem  
    For her white innocence.

But this bright, hardy evergreen  
That holds its blossoms white and clean  
    Above the dark, damp mould;  
That shows alike to sun and shower  
Its glossy leaf, its pearly flower,  
    Through all the winter cold.

It asks no shelter from the storm;  
She seeks no love to keep her warm,  
    But love of closest kin;  
The crown of work, its blessed cares,  
The smile of Heaven, the poor man's prayers,  
    Are all she strives to win.

And so she fares, alone, apart,  
Life-consecrate to God, to Art,  
And giving both her best ;  
She wears, afar from worldly strife,  
The blossom " of a blameless life "  
Upon her quiet breast.



## IV.

## STEPHANOTIS.

“**N**AY, darling; nay, my bonny girl,  
Set free each blossom-prisoned curl,  
Lay those white clusters down;  
Let silken snood with maiden grace  
Hold back the ringlets from thy face,  
But not that starry crown.

“Or let some simpler blossom twine  
Upon thy forehead, daughter mine,  
Blush-rose or lily white;  
Or let a simple string of pearls  
Gleam girlishly among thy curls,  
Upon this festal night.

“But take those waxen blooms away,  
Ah, darling! thoughts I cannot stay  
Spring in my wakened heart;  
Pass on, my sweetest, out of sight,  
Take thou thy fill of young delight,  
While I sit here apart.”

I hear her flutter down the stair,  
I hear the chariot wheels that bear  
    From me my peerless maid;  
Now, wherefore, should it wake to-night,  
That ghost of dead-and-gone delight  
    I thought for ever laid?

The air is heavy with perfume,  
Out-breathed from that white mass of bloom  
    My child laid gently down;  
Ah me! an old-time sorrow stirs—  
I see on curls as bright as hers  
    A stephanotis crown.

Across dark memory's time-worn track  
A vision of that face comes back  
    That won my boyish heart;  
My wife, the mother of my child,  
What waves of sorrow wide and wild  
    Have set us twain apart!

Yet flesh of flesh, and bone of bone,  
She was to me, beloved alone  
    Of all earth's womankind;  
She ruled me with supreme command;  
I put my honour in her hand,  
    Love made me wholly blind.

I kept her from the world apart,  
I wore her in my inmost heart  
A pure and perfect pearl;  
Ah me ! I doted over-much,  
I never thought that shame could touch  
The mother of my girl !

Eve 'scaped not sin in Paradise,  
And shall her daughters be more wise ?  
The tale is common now ;  
Through flowery downward paths beguiled,  
The mother wandered from her child,  
The wife forgot her vow.


Yet on that night of bitter woe  
She stayed to kiss her child, I know,  
For by the little bed  
I found a waxen-petalled flower,  
Torn, haply, in that parting hour,  
From her bright drooping head.

Now if the green grass waves above  
Her grave, or if that guilty love  
Still solaces her life,  
I know not, I may never know,  
Time cannot bridge the floods that flow  
'Twixt me and my lost wife.

Peace, peace, my heart ; be calm, be strong,  
The child retrieves the mother's wrong,  
Life holds new hopes for thee ;  
The white flowers perish in the flame—  
So may the past with all its shame  
Die evermore for me !

## V.

## BLACKTHORN.

 HE sleeps ! Ah, welcome spell of rest  
To tired hands and brain oppressed !  
Her morning task is done ;  
With what a soft pathetic grace  
The chill March sunbeams kiss her face,  
My poor work-wearied one !

I sit me softly by her side,  
A little space I may abide,  
To watch her breathing free ;  
Ah me ! the thin care-sharpened cheek,  
The sunken brows, that dumbly speak  
Of all she shares with me.

I wooed her from the lap of wealth,  
While strong in youth, and proud of health,  
I thought the world my own ;  
And she, sweet soul, put lightly by  
The gauds that charm the worldly eye,  
And lived for me alone.

I look upon her sleeping face,  
And by her pallid cheek I place  
    A tiny blackthorn spray;  
Meet symbol of her joyless life,  
For we are conquered in the strife,  
    Are beaten in the fray.

The roses of this lower world  
Were not for us, the wild winds hurled  
    Afar our hopes' young buds;  
And grim misfortune's sullen tide  
Swamped all life's landscape far and wide,  
    Like February floods.


Ah, trusting heart! too true to me,  
Ah, tender wife! 'tis hard for thee,  
    This round of labour done:  
The blackthorn's leafless pearly spray,  
Instead of rosy-clustered may,  
    And cloud instead of sun.

What! wakest thou to hear my moan?  
Ah, darling, in thy tender tone  
    Lies life's best music yet;  
Though worldly ways are closed to me,  
God gave me all in giving thee,  
    My heart hath no regret.

Take thou this little blackthorn spray  
I plucked upon my homeward way,  
It doth us comfort bring;  
Though hope has failed, true love survives,  
The "blackthorn winter" of our lives  
Leads to eternal spring!

## VI.

## WHITE VIOLETS.

HE children of her Sabbath school  
Plucked them in valleys green and cool,  
Before the dew was dry;  
And now beside her book of prayer,  
Fanned softly by the April air,  
The tender blossoms lie.

How fresh they are! how fit to rest  
Upon her happy girlish breast,  
To nestle in her hair;  
White emblems of her sheltered life,  
That blooms untouched by worldly strife,  
Uncrossed by worldly care.

They seem to cling with conscious love  
To brodered kerchief, dainty glove,  
Dropped in her pretty haste  
To greet the world-worn weary man,  
Who, lingering near her for a span,  
Doth purest pleasure taste.



I watch her guide with tendance sweet  
Her aged father's tottering feet  
    Along the terraced way ;  
I watch her face—and sigh the while—  
The candid brow, the frank, free smile  
    Of maiden in her May.

The peacock screams his quaint delight,  
The hounds bound forward in her sight,  
    The kitten follows nigh,  
The doves coo softly at her call,  
Dear queen and lady of them all—  
    Now wherefore do I sigh ?

It were as meet that I should take  
These violets white, and strive to slake  
    A furnace with their dew,  
As seek to link into my life  
Of passionate unrest and strife  
    This maiden sweet and true.

It were as meet that I should ask  
A saint to share my worldly task,  
    As speak to her of love,  
Within whose spirit clean and white,  
Attuned to innocent delight,  
    The childish pulses move.

I touch her kerchief and her glove—  
I might have power to fill with love  
    Her young untainted heart;  
Pass on, my white wood violet!  
God give thee love without regret,  
    And joy without a smart;

For not with me do these abide,  
A life so wrecked by passion's tide  
    I dare not offer thee;  
Fulfil thy life with happy hours,  
At peace among thy birds and flowers,  
    Thou art too pure for me.

## VII.

## WOOD ANEMONES.

**A** MIST of violets white and blue,  
A fringe of fern leaves, washed with dew,  
And dried by April's breeze :  
A belt of blue-bells all a-row,  
And on the tender grass a snow  
Of wood anemones.

The wind-swayed branches rise and fall,  
The little wood is musical  
With dulcet tones and clear,  
The hum of bee, the song of bird,  
And in the carol's pause is heard  
The streamlet running near.

Beneath the spreading woodland trees,  
Among the white anemones,  
Two children are at play :  
The blossoms opening one by one  
Their star-like faces to the sun,  
Are not more pure than they.

They laugh away the merry hours,  
They crown themselves with woodland flowers,  
    They mimic bird and bee;  
Till one, the graver of the twain,  
Holds up, to tell of coming rain,  
    A closed anemone.

Ah, sister mine! through all the years,  
Through mists of shed and unshed tears.  
    Mine eyes can yet behold  
A picture of the sunlit wood,  
The snow-white carpet where we stood  
    And watched the flowers unfold.

Ah, sister dear! 'tis meet for thee  
To wear the wood anemone  
    Upon thy gentle breast:  
Thou hast not left life's quiet ways  
To follow after gain and praise  
    With spirit of unrest.

I had no mind for woodland bowers,  
I scorned the simple woodland flowers  
    We pulled together then:  
But waves of tender memory roll  
Full often over my sick soul  
    In busy haunts of men.

And my true nature, finding voice,  
Reminds me of thy better choice,  
    Thy calm, contented part ;  
My rose of life hath thorns—thy flower  
Is fresh and pure as in the hour  
    It blossomed from thine heart.

Ah, my sweet sister, words are vain,  
Yet could I stand with thee again  
    Beneath youth's budding trees,  
I think my heart would freely choose  
From out all blossoms of all hues  
    Life's wood anemones.

## VIII.

## CHERRY BLOSSOM.

**I**N silken clusters white as snow,  
Like tiny roses drooping low,  
The cherry blossoms hang :  
The kingly chestnut stands a-near,  
Where, through the summer-time last year,  
Our own pet linnet sang.

May winds blow softly as we pass  
Along the daisy-spangled grass,  
And murmur in the trees :  
It is a day to set apart  
With idle hands and resting heart,  
For country peace and ease.

We stand beside the chestnut tree,  
Where blossoms bud that soon will be  
The glory of the place ;  
We make a pause in idle talk  
To mark in corners of the walk  
The lily's tender grace.

But fairest, sweetest sight of all,  
Beside the time-toned mossy wall,  
    A double cherry tree,  
Dressed out in Spring's own green and white,  
Takes all the breath with swift delight,  
    As we stand close to see.

The blossom-laden branches make  
A tender murmur as I take  
    A cluster hanging low ;  
"They are more beautiful," I cry,  
To one beloved standing by,  
    "Than all fair flowers that blow !

"In form as graceful as the rose,  
And white as lone untrodden snows,  
    They wanton in the wind ;  
But ah, my heart, the flowers will pass,  
Will die unheeded on the grass,  
    And leave no fruit behind."

"And if," says one, whose life with mine  
Flows like a soft harmonious line  
    Of some sweet olden song ;  
"And if the blossoms droop and fade,  
And die unheeded in the shade,  
    Yet Nature hath no wrong.

"God gave them life, he fixed their root  
For blossom only, not-for fruit;  
And so He loves to bless,  
Not only with the strong right arm  
And busy brain, but with the charm  
Of perfect loveliness;

"Now mark the sister cherry-tree,  
Where by-and-by red fruit will be,  
Her flowers are not so fair;  
So one hath beauty, one hath fruit,  
And God deals fairly." I am mute.  
I learn a lesson there.



## IX.

## BLUEBELLS.

**T**H me! how many years have flown,  
Since I, who wander now alone,  
That April morning stood  
With my one friend beneath the trees,  
While wonderful wild harmonies  
Rang through the bluebell wood.

The year was young, the world was sweet,  
Our hearts were young, and leapt to greet  
The gladness of the day;  
No cloud was on the April sky,  
We laughed aloud, scarce knowing why,  
Along the woodland way.

And like a carpet on the ground,  
The azure bluebells all around  
In fair profusion grew.  
Among the flowers I sat me down,  
And wove my friend a dainty crown  
Of tender blossoms blue.

I placed the circlet with delight  
Upon her forehead smooth and white.

The azure of her eyes  
Might put to shame the bluest flower,  
That ever grew in sheltered bower  
Beneath the softest skies.

Ah me, my friend ! my one dear friend,  
Our pleasant spring-time had an end,  
We left the fairy ways,  
The mystic paths of sweet romance,  
The girlish round of song and dance,  
For life's bewildering maze.

Now here, alone, within the wood,  
Where in youth's bluebell-time we stood,  
I sit me down to-day,  
My heart fresh-stung with sharp regret,  
Because thy path from mine is set  
So very far away.

But, dear, my tears are selfish tears,  
For God hath blessed thy happy years  
With blessings wide and deep ;  
Thy summer came at spring-time's close,  
And for thy bluebells, gave love's rose  
For evermore to keep.

## IN A GARDEN.

Yea, God hath given thee all the good  
Of maiden-time and matronhood,  
Youth's spring and summer's prime;  
And now life's reddening autumn leaves  
Fall softly on love's gathered sheaves.  
Bound up for winter time.

Friend, if to me when spring-time died,  
Was given no glorious summer-tide,  
If never happy May  
Succeeded April's shower and sun,  
And if, when bluebell-time was done,  
No roses lit my way;

If evermore my heart doth miss  
A joy foregone, love's crowning bliss,  
I know the lesson meant;  
If wanting stars of earthly love,  
I know one brighter shines above,  
And, friend, I am content!

X.

HAWTHORN.

**I** SEE her where the budding may  
 Throws shadows on the grassy way  
 And flecks her robe of white;  
 Unseen I watch her as she stands,  
 With fragrant hawthorn in her hands,  
 A vision of delight !

She stays, but will not tarry long  
 To hear the thrush's vernal song,  
 In blossom-boughs above ;  
 And in my sheltered garden-seat  
 I, too, can hear the carol sweet  
 Of songster's happy love.

From out the leaves that shade my face  
 I watch her in her girlish grace,  
 The daughter of my friend,  
 On whose sweet life, for whose sweet sake,  
 Love hath such precious things at stake,  
 In whom such heart-ties blend.

My May-day maiden ! thought runs back  
O'er that long-trodden, sunlit track,  
    My own vanished youth,  
When I, like her, was young and fair,  
Like her, untouched by worldly care,  
    Unscarred by broken truth.

Like her with sunshine on my way,  
With scented blossoms of life's may  
    Plucked ready for my hand :  
Like her, embarked on hope's full tide  
For joy's glad port, and by my side  
    True love at my command.

But shadows dimmed my summer day,  
The blossoms of my early may  
    Lie buried in a grave ;  
Hope's tide ebbed out afar from port,  
And left my little bark the sport  
    Of fortune's wind and wave.

Ah well ! the thrush's song is done,  
And she steps forward in the sun,  
    She comes towards my bower,  
To glad my weary, tear-dimmed eyes,  
To lay before me, as a prize,  
    Her sprays of hawthorn flower.

Dear heart ! she brings me more than may—  
The sunlight of a far-off day  
Shines on me from her face :  
Her heart renews for mine the truth,  
The hope and springtide of its youth,  
In all their early grace.

She looks at me with eyes of love  
Like those the turf has lain above  
For many a weary day ;  
God bless her ! for she brings again,  
Across a lifetime's silent pain,  
My unforgotten May !

## XI.

## SWEETBRIAR.

**H**OW fragrant is the summer dusk  
With breath of mignonette and musk,  
How dear this hour of rest,  
When waning twilight fills with gloom  
The shadowy corners of the room  
Outlooking to the west.

The blue-eyed prattlers who have played  
All day in sunshine and in shade  
Among the garden bowers,  
Have said good-night—I look around  
For scattered toys, and on the ground  
I see their faded flowers.

Poor blossoms, all too bright to last,  
Your summer beauty faded fast  
In heat of childish play;  
A half-blown rose of crimson hue,  
Forget-me-nots of heavenly blue,  
A tuft of rosy may :

A branch of sweetbriar—Ah, my heart !  
The tender tears unbidden start  
    To weary, world-worn eyes ;  
I kiss the faded, fragrant spray,  
And memories of a bygone day  
    Before my vision rise.

How often my lost darling wore  
The sweetbriar green, she loved it more  
    Than many-tinted bloom ;  
It often graced her maiden breast,  
Now, planted where she lies at rest,  
    It beautifies her tomb.

My little love in days of old !  
Youth's morning-hour of rose and gold  
    Comes back to me to-night ;  
I see her in her girlish grace,  
The sunny sweetness of her face,  
    Her childish robe of white.

I smell the sweetbriar in her hand,  
I see the garden where we stand  
    On England's southern shore ;  
I hear the rippling streamlet fall,  
I hear her laughter musical,  
    Now silenced evermore.



She was too frail for earth's employ,  
Too calm and pure for human joy,  
    But like the sweetbriar green,  
The memory of her gentle life  
Makes sweet the years of worldly strife  
    That lie our lives between.

Thy life and mine, my little love,  
My life below, thy life above,  
    God's love shall re-unite :  
I kiss the children's faded spray,  
My sweetbriar graceth, far away,  
    'The land of pure delight.'

## XII.

## BUTTERCUPS.

**I** SIT and watch my treasure laid  
Beneath the snowy hawthorn's shade,  
In slumber calm and deep;  
The May-day sunbeams glint between  
The lattice-work of white and green,  
And kiss him in his sleep.

The morning long, across the grass  
I heard his little footsteps pass,  
In chase of bird and bee;  
The morning long, I watched him play,  
Bright blossom of my life's late May,  
That came from Heaven to me!

The sunbeams kiss his little face,  
The grass and king-cups interlace  
Across his forehead white;  
His tiny hands no longer hold  
The buttercups of royal gold,  
He plucked with such delight.

The buttercups he ran to grasp  
With hand quick-loosened from my clasp,  
And pleasure-brimming eyes ;  
The buttercups, whose yellow dust  
Hath soiled his fingers, as gold must,  
If held too dear a prize.

Unwitting in his baby glee,  
He robbed his playmate brown, the bee,  
Of food for winter hours ;  
He gathered blossoms in his haste,  
And now the treasure runs to waste  
Of those bright golden flowers.

I kneel me down beside the lad,  
And something joyful, something sad,  
Swells from mine inmost heart ;  
God gave love's blossom for love's sake,  
But grief and joy must mix to make  
Complete the mother's part.

And mingled tides of feeling rush  
Throughout my spirit, as I brush  
The gold-dust from his palm ;  
He rests to-day within my reach,  
He needs no lore I cannot teach,  
His sleeping face is calm.

But, oh, my boy ! my bonnie boy !  
The gold of life hath base alloy,  
    And stains the grasping hand;  
I cleanse thy baby palm to-day,  
But years may part us far away,  
    By miles of sea and land.

And thou may'st gather in thine haste  
Life's golden flowers, to droop and waste ;  
    Or pluck with idle greed  
Some fellow-creature's simple joy,  
To drop, as thou hast dropped, my boy,  
    These blossoms of the mead.

Or thou may'st clutch with miser grasp  
Life's sordid gold in fevered clasp,  
    And soil thy spirit white  
With dust and dross of garish ways,  
With thirst for gold, and greed of praise,  
    With worldly, base delight.

But soft ! he wakes, my little son,  
And I with mother's doubt have done.  
    I see my baby's smile;—  
And well I know that God above  
Will hallow son's and mother's love  
    Beyond earth's little while.

## XIII.

## BINDWEED.

**T**HE verdant garlands creep and twine  
About the branches of the vine,  
And hold in close embrace  
The blushing beauty of the rose  
That year by year untended grows  
In this deserted place.

Its blossom, like a shallow cup  
Of purest parian, lifted up,  
Is full of morning dew;  
My comely lilies, nursed with care  
To glad the garden borders, wear  
No whiter, purer hue.

And yet, and yet, I know the vine  
Whereon its graceful garlands twine,  
Had come to better fruit,  
If this lush growth of white and green,  
The bindweed's close and clinging screen,  
Had never taken root.

And yet, and yet, I know the rose  
That through its greenness glints and glows,  
    Had come to fuller flower,  
If this fair fragile parasite  
Had never spread its green and white  
    To summer sun and shower.

I pull the slender leaves apart,  
There lies a lesson, oh, my heart !  
    Beneath the bindweed spray.  
It saps the vine, and dwarfs the flower ;  
So clinging human love hath power,  
    To sap and dwarf away.

To sap the soul of strength divine,  
To blight its fruit, like cumbered vine,  
    Which scarce a cluster shows ;  
To dwarf with narrow selfish claims,  
'The growth of wide and generous aims,  
    As bindweed dwarfs the rose.

And yet, God wot, the love is clean,  
And like the bindweed, fresh and green  
    It springeth in the heart ;  
'Tis only when we lack the grace  
To train it fairly in its place,  
    To portion out its part ;

'Tis only when we let it climb  
O'er holier heights and more sublime  
    Than earthly love should go ;  
'Tis only when we let it creep  
Across the gifts that we should keep  
    For God—it brings us woe.


For let the bindweed have its will,  
Nor human toil, nor human skill  
    Can keep the garden fair ;  
But train the bindweed in its place,  
And larger blossom, fairer grace,  
    Will straight repay the care.

So if the garden of the heart  
Be over-run in every part,  
    By love beyond control ;  
Life's worthy labour cannot speed,  
And flower of thought and fruit of deed,  
    Grow never in the soul.

But train that weak and clinging love  
By sturdy props, to wave above  
    Life's work, and give it grace,  
No longer then a parasite,  
Love clothes with garlands of delight  
    Its own appointed place !

XIV.

EGLANTINE.

OW sweetly, after gentle rain,  
Comes floating down the grassy lane  
The scent of eglantine :  
See, wife, the old familiar seat  
Bids welcome to a cool retreat,  
This summer morning fine.

Sit down, dear heart, there needs no hasty  
For us to make, we well can waste  
The longest of our days ;  
Our working-time is gone and past,  
And we have leisure at the last,  
For Nature and her ways.

So sit thee, darling, by my side,  
Fond friend and firm, true wife and tried,  
Best help in darkest hours !  
Across the meads the linnet calls,  
The breeze shakes down at intervals  
The eglantine's pink flowers.



The eglantine ! the eglantine !  
Ah, tender, brown-eyed wife of mine,  
I see a shadow creep  
Across the calmness of thy brow,  
The blossom dropping from the bough,  
Wakes sorrow from its sleep.

Nay, dearest, dry the starting tear,  
Is she not still our daughter dear ?  
Our pretty Eglantine ?  
Is she not yet as much our child,  
As when upon her birth we smiled,  
Thy little one and mine ?

What though she chose, as daughters do,  
To merge the old life in the new,  
And gave to fresher love  
The right to take her by the hand,  
And lead her from her fatherland ;  
God keepeth watch above.

What though the seas roll wide between  
That strange wild home where she is queen,  
And this calm nook of ours ;  
What though her southern dwelling-place  
Is brightened by no English face,  
Nor homely English flowers.

What though our poor hearts surely know  
That to her home we cannot go,

    However sore we yearn ;  
Nor, since our darling hath her share  
Of mother's bliss, and mother's care,  
    Can she to us return.

Yet, wife, we shall retrieve our loss ;  
There is an ocean all must cross ;

    Thy turn will come and mine,  
And we shall welcome to the bowers  
Of paradise, life's flower of flowers,  
    Our little Eglantine.

## XV.

## WISTERIA.

**N**OW tenderly the twilight falls  
About our dear home's flowery walls,  
Upon the garden bowers;  
The breeze sighs over beds of bloom,  
My darling, leave the dusky room,  
Come out among the flowers.

Come forth, my wife, and stand with me  
Beneath our favourite chestnut-tree—  
The glory of our lawn—  
Look up, dear heart, in skies afar,  
How softly beams the evening star,  
The garish sun is gone.

How clearly from the coppice floats  
The brown bird's strain—its magic notes  
Of joy and sorrow blent.  
How sweetly from the southern wall  
Delightful odours round us fall,  
The rich wisteria's scent.

See, darling, in this tender gloom  
The clusters of its purple bloom  
    Peep out amid the green ;  
A comely summer robe it weaves  
Of sturdy twigs and tender leaves,  
    With splendid flowers between.

How rich and full a life must beat  
In its green branches ! fair and sweet  
    It flowered in the spring ;  
And yet, ere summer days are done,  
It spreadeth to the summer sun  
    A second blossoming.

It seemeth unto us a type  
Of love, spring-born, but summer-ripe,  
    Full-hearted love like ours,  
That sweetly smiled on life's young spring,  
Yet hath its fuller blossoming  
    In these maturer hours.


Our lives were like the spring-time boughs  
Of this old tree, which wreathes our house  
    With purple twice a year,  
No leafage green of worldly praise,  
Or worldly wealth made glad our days,  
    But lonely love was dear !

Ah, darling ! on this summer night,  
Our hearts brimful with deep delight,  
    We bless God as we stand  
Beneath His arch of twilight sky  
At rest, too glad to smile, or sigh,  
    The happiest in the land.

Our tree of life is strong and full  
Of leafage verdant, beautiful,  
    With blossoms in their prime,  
For love, like fair wisteria flowers.  
Brings, with full hands, to us and ours  
    A second blossom-time.

## XVI.

## WOODRUFFE.

OME'S sacred nook, love's hallowed ground,  
Where sweetest sight and softest sound  
Meet watching eye and ear;  
Where footsteps fall with lightest tread,  
As in the chamber of the dead,  
Yet fullest life is here.

She, lying on her couch of pain,  
Turns lifelong loss to daily gain,  
Her heart the alchymist;  
From mystic heights by suffering won,  
Her saintly eyes look down upon  
Earth-joys that she has missed.

God touched her in her cradle days,  
And set her from the world's rude ways  
For evermore apart;  
The tiny sprays the children pull  
Of woodruffe, white and beautiful,  
Are likest her sweet heart.

And well she loves the simple flower,  
Though to its neighbouring woodland bower,  
    In depth of summer grass,  
O'erhung by summer's full-leafed trees,  
O'erblown by summer's softest breeze,  
    Her feet may never pass.

And those who love her, love to find  
A likeness to her stainless mind  
    In this white woodland flower;  
So frail and small, so fair and pure,  
Yet full of courage to endure  
    The dark and stormy hour.

Far from the highway's dust and glare  
The woodruffe scents the forest air,  
    And lights the tender gloom;  
Far from life's whirl of gain and loss,  
Beneath the shadow of her cross,  
    She glads this quiet room.

And to her come the gay of heart,  
That she may take with them her part  
    Of sweet love's corn and wine;  
And to her come sad souls oppressed,  
For God hath filled her gentle breast  
    With sympathy divine.

Set far apart from common joys,  
Yet smiling at earth's idle toys,  
    She waits her dread release;  
The woodruffe with the summer fades,  
And through life's gathering twilight shades,  
    Will come Death's whisper, 'Peace!'



## XVII.

## HONEYSUCKLE.

**H**OW fair they were, my darlings twain.  
Who walked adown the grassy lane  
That sultry August day :  
Unconscious of the gracious charm  
That floated round them, arm-in-arm  
They wandered on their way.

One wore her raven tresses low,  
Close-braided o'er a brow of snow,  
Like some grand Roman dame :  
Hers were those luminous, large eyes,  
From whose dark depths strange gleams arise  
And break in sudden flame.

Around her sister's gentler face  
The brown hair rippled, tender grace  
Was in her form and look :  
A wild-rose colour on her cheek,  
Brown loving eyes, contented, meek,  
And clear as summer brook.

I sat beneath a shady tree,  
 And heard their laughter floating free,  
     Through idle, happy hours ;  
 I saw them gather by the way  
 The straggling clusters, sweet and gay,  
     Of honeysuckle flowers.

I watched them weave their scented spoil,  
 In eager haste, with playful toil,  
     And laughter-brimming eyes ;  
 They twined it on my faded brow,  
 Ah, Heaven ! I have that garland now,  
     A sacred, mournful prize !

Was it because they were my own,  
 I fancied even their lightest tone  
     More sweet than other sound ?  
 Was it because I gave them birth,  
 I thought that nowhere in God's earth  
     Could fairer things be found ?

Was it but doting mother's love ?  
 Or were my darlings fair above  
     The playmates of their time ?  
 I knew not then, nor now I know,  
 It is so many years ago,  
     They scarcely reached their prime.

But this I know, 'twixt them and me  
Rolls yet the awful, tideless sea

That parts their world from this :  
And well I know that where they are,  
There is no need of sun or star,  
Nor need of mother's kiss.

But o'er my honeysuckle wreath,  
My wearied heart will often breathe  
A prayer for those bright bowers,  
Where I may see my daughters stand,  
Each holding for me in her hand,  
Heaven's amaranthine flowers !

## XVIII.

## CARNATIONS.

**B**LOW, winds of summer, on the grass  
Of meadows green my love must pass  
What time he comes to me ;  
Shine, sun of summer, on the way  
That he, full-hearted, takes to-day  
Towards our trysting-tree.

Sing, happy lark, in God's blue sky,  
Lift thou thy thrilling voice on high  
In carol strong and clear ;  
Sing, lark, and I will sing with thee,  
Because good things have come to me,  
Because love's life is dear.

Because my sometime lonely heart  
Is love-elected to a part  
Among earth's favoured few ;  
Because my lately empty hand  
Is filled to-day by love's command  
With blossoms of love's hue.

## IN A GARDEN.

Because I wear upon my breast  
The flower my lover loveth best,  
    The flower he gave to me;  
A dark carnation, velvet-red,  
By moonlight gathered from its bed,  
    When none was near to see.

A sweet carnation, whose perfume  
Is richer even than its bloom  
    Of kingly, crimson hue;  
And as the flower is sweet above  
Its summer fellows, so his love,  
    More than most love, is true.

I wear my blossom o'er a heart  
Content to take the meeker part  
    In all love's days to come;  
Content to fare in quiet ways,  
Afar from rumour's blame and praise,  
    In sunshine of sweet home.


I wear my flower upon a breast  
Fast throbbing now with love's unrest;  
    But calmly-flowing time,  
That reaps the harvest of the years,  
Will temper all love's smiles and tears,  
    To harmony sublime.

I wear the flower love's hand hath given,  
I stand beneath God's azure heaven,  
    With sunshine in my soul;  
No cloud upon my summer day,  
My lover on his happy way,  
    Ah, heart! thy bliss is whole.

Full well I know the summer sun  
Is dim when summer days are done,  
    But for life's winter hours,  
We two will pluck the crimson bloom,  
And thence distil the rich perfume  
    Of love's carnation flowers!

## XIX.

## HAREBELLS.

 STRETCH of common land, abloom  
With golden gorse and yellow broom,  
And bright with bracken sprays,  
Just touched through all their summer green  
With autumn gold. A placid scene—  
Fair spot for restful days.

A grey old church of time-touched stone,  
With porch and turret ivy-grown,  
And chancel-window red,  
Lifts lonely here its ancient walls,  
And where the holy shadow falls,  
Sleep sound the quiet dead.

I sit me down among the graves,  
The gentle west wind softly waves,  
And little ripples pass  
Across the greensward at my feet,  
And stir the countless blossoms sweet  
That deck the graves' green grass.

How gay they show, these narrow homes  
Of silent rest ! The wild bee roams  
    From flowerful mound to mound ;  
A throstle's carol in the tree,  
Full, heart and voice, of summer glee,  
    Scarce breaks the calm profound.

How love hath decked the blessed spot !  
Here pansy and forget-me-not  
    Make borders round a rose ;  
Here, through a lily's parian cup  
On slender column lifted up,  
    The golden sunshine shows.

But in a corner all alone,  
I see a grave without a stone,  
    Without a planted flower ;  
How long, how long since love knelt there,  
In sore bereavement's first despair,  
    In woe's first aching hour ?

No mark of love's regret is seen,  
Yet is the lonely grave-plot green,  
    And clothed from head to foot  
With bonny harebells, wild and blue,  
Of wind-like lightness, heaven's own hue,  
    That here have taken root.



They toss their heads with sunny grace,  
Above that nameless resting-place,  
    And flutter in the breeze ;  
No blossom carven from the stone,  
No white exotic newly-blown,  
    Shows comelier than these.

I stretch my hand to pluck a bell,  
I murmur : ' Nature doeth well,  
    She chooseth this lone spot,  
Where no love-tokening flower is seen,  
And spreads her harebells blue and green,  
    O'er graves by man forgot."

## XX.

## BRAMBLE.

**T**HE corn is reaped, the bare brown land  
Is sleeping in the sunshine bland  
Of late September time;  
Now after harvest-toil and mirth  
In restful calmness lies the earth,  
Like good lives past their prime.

Red tints of autumn touch the trees  
That rustle in the freshening breeze,  
And wave their branches strong;  
From hillside meadows, loud and clear,  
Comes, clarionlike, a note of cheer,  
The thrush's thrilling song.

The busy wild bee flitteth by,  
Where honeysuckle waves on high,  
And late clematis grows;  
A fair brown butterfly floats round  
A bramble branch that on the ground  
Its dainty tangle throws.

The lowly bramble, taking root  
In common hedgerows, bearing fruit  
For common hands to pull ;  
A boon to travellers on the road,  
It shows its gracious purple load  
With blossoms beautiful.

White flowers like pearly-tinted snow,  
Fair foliage red with autumn's glow,  
Ripe fruit—on one fair spray ;  
Ah me ! my heart, what beauty lives  
In lowliest things that Nature gives  
To blossom on our way.

Ah me ! my heart, what beauty shows  
In lowly lives that to their close  
Bloom sweetly out of sight ;  
Meek hearts that seek not worldly praise,  
That find in life's secluded ways  
Dear love and deep delight.

Fair lives that have a humble root,  
Sweet lives that bear a gracious fruit,  
Yet keep their springtime flowers  
Upon the bough where fruit hangs ripe,  
And where the fading leaf is type  
Of life's decaying hours.

We meet them in our daily path  
These humble souls, and each one hath

    A beauty of its own ;  
A beauty born of duty done,  
Of silent victories dumbly won,  
    Of sorrow borne alone.

And when the frosts of death fall chill  
On these fair lives, that blossom still  
    Though summer time is past,  
We, sighing, wish for quiet ways,  
Wherein, like theirs, our shortening days  
    Might blossom to the last !

## XXI.

## TUBEROSES.

**T**HE master's story holds the stage,  
Of Hamlet's studied grief and rage,  
And Denmark's guilty queen ;  
With empty heart and weary brain,  
Too tired for pleasure or for pain,  
I watch the changing scene.

The curtain falls, and plaudits loud  
Ring clamorous from the motley crowd,  
Then talk and laughter reign ;  
The air is heavy with the scent  
Of flowers, and happy tones are blent  
With music's thrilling strain.

Across the crowd I hear the notes,  
Across the crowd the incense floats  
Of manifold perfumes ;  
Upon a velvet-cushioned seat  
I see a snowy bunch and sweet,  
Of white gardenia blooms.

She laid the blossoms from her hand  
A moment since—I see her stand  
    In all her lovely grace,  
No shadow on her open brow,  
No memory of a broken vow  
    Disturbs her girlish face.

Across the crowd, myself unseen,  
I watch once more the fairy queen  
    Of all my boyish dreams;  
Once more with her I seem to roam  
The wood-ways of our country home,  
    Or loiter by its streams.

Once more I gather for her sake  
The sweet wild flowers of hedge and brake,  
    Once more with baby pride  
She flaunts her white exotic bloom,  
A tuberose heavy with perfume,  
    And thrusts my gift aside.

Ah me! her childhood was the type  
Of what she is, as woman ripe,  
    She asks no wayside flower,  
But cultured blossoms, rich and rare,  
And all things goodly, all things fair,  
    And pride of place and power.

But these were never mine to give—  
And how I fare, or how I live,  
    Claims not a care from her ;  
Yet looking on that face to-night,  
Some ghost of ancient dead delight  
    Bids past emotion stir.

And to my heart I softly say :  
“ If fate would let thee have thy way,  
    What now would be thy will ?  
To tread the velvet path of ease,  
One heart, and not the world, to please,  
    And she thy true love still ? ”

Nay, heart, there is no space for doubt,  
Thy stronger, better part speaks out,  
    And joys that it is free ;  
I could not bear the cloying scent  
Of those white blossoms ; Nature meant  
    A working life for me !

XXII.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

**P**INK, crimson, yellow, cream, and white,  
 They call to mind the lost delight  
     Of summer's flowery days;  
 The wintry wind wails loud without,  
 While we within draw close about  
     The hearth-fire's friendly blaze.

The flickering flames flash high and low,  
 They touch the room with rosy glow,  
     And make its corners warm;  
 They kiss the sombre, pictured walls,  
 Whereon a gracious shadow falls—  
     My gentle sister's form.

How soft the rustle of the dress  
 That clothes her faded loveliness  
     In velvet's darkest fold!  
 How soft, how dark, the tranquil eyes,  
 Within whose sombre shadow lies  
     A subtle gleam of gold!



How calm she sits in this calm light,  
Loose-holding in her fingers white  
    A blossom pure as snow.  
A pale chrysanthemum—ah me!  
Yet summer roses bloomed for thee,  
    My sister, long ago!

And I, too, had my happy share  
Of joyous hope, and laughed at care  
    With boyish unbelief;  
I staked my manhood on the truth  
Of that bright idol of my youth,  
    And won a lasting grief.

God smote me in my careless pride,  
And all life's glowing roses died  
    With swift and sudden blight:  
Shame drew his most empoisoned dart,  
And aiming steadfast at my heart,  
    He murdered joy outright.

And thou, my white one, clean of soul,  
God bade his waves of trouble roll  
    Above thy gentle head;  
But lighter than my cruel loss  
The burden of thy hope-wreathed cross—  
    Thy lover is but dead.

He is but dead, and thou can'st creep  
In twilight time to work or weep  
Beside his quiet grave;  
To picture meeting on that shore,  
The land of God's bright Evermore,  
Beyond earth's wind and wave.

But I have no such sacred spot  
To kneel and pray at—she is not,—  
No more than this I know.—  
Ah, sister! link thy hand in mine—  
No change can touch my love and thine,  
Whatever come and go.

And like these homely flowers that grace  
Our quaint, old-fashioned dwelling-place,  
A quiet blessing comes  
Upon the evening of our days,  
And growing by the wintry ways  
We find chrysanthemums!

## XXIII.

## CHRISTMAS ROSES.

**N**AY, darling, lay the gems aside,  
I bring white blossoms for my bride  
To wear this Christmas night;  
A chaplet for thy sunny curls,  
A cluster fairer than the pearls,  
To deck thy bosom white.

My Christmas roses, grown while we  
Were loitering by a southern sea  
In newly-wedded bliss;  
My roses, fenced with tender care  
From biting breaths of winter air,  
For such an hour as this.

For I remember, sweetest wife,  
That fateful moment of my life,  
One little year ago,  
When first I saw thee with thy kin,  
Before my heart had hope to win  
The grace that charmed me so.

I saw thee in thy robe of white,  
The centre of dear home delight,  
The joy of wintry hours;  
And to my wakening heart I said,  
"She hath the grace of my lost dead,  
She wears my mother's flowers."

For on thy breast and on thy brow,  
Close, darling, as I twine them now,  
The Christmas roses lay;  
And to my heart I said anon,  
"The sharpness of old grief is gone—  
But love must have his way."

"She wears the flower my mother chose  
To be her own, a Christmas rose,  
She hath my mother's grace;  
Oh heart of mine! what bliss it were  
If I could bring this maiden fair  
To my dead mother's place."

"What bliss if she and I could stand  
Close side by side with hand in hand,  
When Christmas comes again;  
Life linked to life with changeless truth,  
Beside the hearthstone of my youth,  
Past parting and past pain."

My late-found treasure! tender dove!  
We know how true love answered love  
    Before that dark year's close;  
We know how all the world grew bright,  
Because I won my one delight,  
    My blessed Christmas Rose!

And now, together and alone,  
Life's crowning gladness all our own,  
    We greet the Christmas hours,  
So, darling, lay aside the pearls,  
And let me crown thy sunny curls  
    With my white winter flowers!

## After the Wreck.

---

**W**HAT of the ocean's roar ?  
 The sea lies smiling in the sun,  
 The sparkling wavelets leap and run  
 To kiss the pebbled shore ;  
 Where are the waves that mountains high,  
 Engulfed last night a goodly bark,  
 And drew her down through waters dark,  
 Beneath a sullen sky ?

How soft the west wind blows !  
 We, sitting, watch another ship,  
 Whose sails, wide-spreading, seem to dip  
 And curtsey as she goes ;  
 And sailing outward from our sight,  
 How strong she looks, how trim and gay !  
 How safe the water seems to-day,  
 For all the wreck last night !

## AFTER THE WRECK.

Here, by the dawn-tide tost,  
Already doth the driftwood lie ;  
Already fades some mother's eye,  
    With anguish for the lost.  
Yet earth rejoices and is gay,  
And yet, though tolls the village bell  
For strangers dead, a deathly knell,  
    The sea looks safe to-day.

Give me thy little hand,  
Rise up, dear heart, and let us go  
Through some green lane where May flowers blow,  
    And sweeten all the land ;  
Come, let us wander out of sight  
Of this fair-seeming, treacherous sea,  
That speaks of wreck to thee and me,  
    For all to-day's delight.

It smiles beneath the sky,  
As though its foamy, dimpling waves  
Danced o'er delightful bowers, not graves  
    Where dead men's bones do lie ;  
It looks as life looked, dear, to us,  
In that glad morning of our days :  
When we went forth in sunny ways  
    The world was smiling thus.

Ah, love, we suffered wreck ;  
What angry winds and waters dark  
Blew over and engulfed our bark,  
And swept us from her deck !  
There was no life-boat to put out,  
No spar to cling to, no frail raft .  
As refuge from our drowning craft,  
By storm-winds dashed about.

No harbour from the storm,  
No friendly hands stretched out to lift  
Our drowning fortunes from the drift,  
To shelter safe and warm ;  
The world forsook us, love, our cries  
Died on the wind of sordid strife,  
And we looked helpless, husband, wife,  
Into each other's eyes.

Then from despair was born  
A fonder love, a deeper trust,  
A treasure safe from moth and rust,  
A scorn of the world's scorn ;  
I lost my gold in port and mart,  
I lost my heritage of land ;  
I found a treasure in thy hand,  
And love's gold in thine heart.





## AFTER THE WRECK.

Lean closer—closer, dear,  
Now let the tears drop if they will,  
The sun behind is shining still,  
We bid a truce to fear;  
The night of wreck is overpast,  
And though we trust life's sea no more,  
We watch the vessels from the shore,  
Together to the last.

We have no argosies,  
No stately ships to come and go,  
From lands of sun to lands of snow,  
No chance of worldly prize;  
But I have thee, beneath the sun  
Of all God's creatures, dearest—dear,  
And thou, love, hast thy refuge here,  
Till all our days be done!

## “ Aurelia.” \*



 SAT in church at eventime,  
                   A church beside the sea,  
 The changeful, changeless sea, whose chime  
                   Of restless melody,  
 The minor music of the waves,  
 Rolled o'er the churchyard's sea of graves.

And through the pillared arches dim,  
                   Like peal of silver bell  
 The cadence of an olden hymn  
                   Alternate rose and fell;  
 A sweet, dear hymn I used to know  
 In youth, in childhood, long ago.

A hymn my brother, clad in white,  
                   Sang with the sweet-voiced choir;  
 A hymn we used to sing at night  
                   Beside the Sabbath fire;  
 And mother, daughters, sire and son,  
 Joined hearts and lips in unison.

---

\* *Hymns Ancient and Modern.*

Ah me! to-night afar from home,  
Far from my dearest, best,  
I felt the blessed hymn-notes come  
Like messages of rest,  
And through the anguished cry, "How long?"  
Brake forth high tones of courage strong.

What though the little household band,  
Be parted wide and far;  
Love is the same in every land,  
And shines a guiding star;  
While "mystic sweet communion" blends  
The hearts of earth-divided friends.

If father's, mother's lonely heart  
Long for the children's mirth;  
If sisters wander far apart  
The wider ways of earth;  
While he who chanted in the choir,  
Hath heard God's welcome, "Go up higher":—

We know, we know, that God's great hand  
Doth keep both quick and dead;  
We know, we know, there is a land,  
Wherein, earth's shadows fled,—  
Our lips new-touched with heavenly glow,  
May sing the hymn of long ago.

## A Midway Milestone.



"COME down," the simple letter says,  
 " And keep your Sabbath birth day here,  
 Come down and hear the church bells ring,  
 And hear the song the thrushes sing  
     Among the leafy bowers ;  
 Come forth from dreary city ways,  
 And glad us with your presence, dear  
     And longed-for, as the summer flowers.

" Come down, and we will take once more  
 The heathy path across the hill ;  
 Or saunter through the dewy lane,  
 Wherein we parted with such pain  
     A little year ago.  
 The heath is sweet with honey store,  
 The fair green lane is dewy still,  
     And I—I long to see you so !

"Come down, and we will sit again  
Beside the milestone grey and old,  
That stands without our garden gate,  
The spot where I was wont to wait,  
And listen, while your feet  
Passed to the highway from the lane,  
And my heart seemed too full to hold  
Its tender bliss, so new and sweet."

I sit me in the summer dusk,  
The sultry dusk of city ways,  
I put the letter from my hand,  
And memory brings at my command,  
The past before mine eyes.  
I see a garden, sweet with musk,  
And lilies, wrapped in silver haze,  
And sleeping under summer skies.

A garden gateway, clothed about  
With cream and crimson woodbine flowers,  
And in the copse across the way,  
The bird that singeth not by day,  
Chants of her cruel fate.  
The long white highway stretches out,  
And faint pink eglantine embowers  
A milestone by the garden gate.

A stone that on its ancient face  
A magic number shows to me,  
In quaint old figures mossy-brown;  
So many miles to London town—  
    So many years have I;  
Ah, little girl! the barren space  
Of my spent youth 'twixt me and thee,  
    For evermore must coldly lie.

I think the moonlight touched my brain  
That summer night a year ago;  
Though sweet thy love, I had no right  
To win the sacred blossom white  
    Of thy pure girlish heart;  
Thy tears fell down like summer rain,  
To hear me tell my tale of woe,  
    Would God they could have healed the smart.

Would God that to my empty home,  
Where sombre shadows come at will,  
Mine hand could lead thee, to dispel  
The doleful memories that dwell  
    Beside its hearthstone cold;  
Or would that I with thee could roam  
The dewy lane, the heath-clad hill,  
    And sit beside the milestone old.

Would God, sweet child, that I could share  
The simple glee that fills thine heart,  
That all the griefs and all the tears  
That filled my life of forty years,

Might pass like morning dew ;  
Would God that I could pray thy prayer,  
From all the world's illusions part,  
And twine thy roses with my rue.

"Is it too late?" my heart cries out,  
"Too late, too late!" I make reply,  
I had no right to speak of love,  
The eagle mates not with the dove,  
I know the truth to-night ;  
I see the way too clear for doubt,  
I lay the simple letter by ;  
The midway milestone fades from sight.

If I have harmed thee, gentle child,  
I will not deepen yet the wrong ;  
I could not quit my busy strife  
To share thy simple country life ;  
The freshness of my soul  
Has faded in world-pathways wild ;  
Pass on, and sing thy simple song,  
I am too rough for love's control.

I could not sit in peaceful ease  
With thee among the garden flowers ;  
Nor could I sip—whose lips have quaffed  
Life's strongest wine—the simple draught  
    Thou offerest gay and glad ;  
The soothing murmur of the trees,  
The incense of the woodbine bowers,  
    Year after year, would drive me mad !

And so I lay thy letter down,  
And keep my birthday here apart ;  
Pass on, my little darling, free,  
A brighter future waits for thee  
    In life's untrodden ways ;  
Pass on, and win thy woman's crown  
And kingdom, in a youthful heart ;  
    God give thee good, and length of days !

And I, life's midway milestone past,  
What more with love have I to do ?  
My heart's lone memories, bitter-sweet,  
Bestrew the ground before my feet,  
    Like wrecks on winter's sea ;  
God grant the young their dreams may last,  
Mine early died—yet love is true  
    I well believe, though dead for me !



## An Old Song.

---

**S**HE sings it, sitting in the glow  
 Of sparkling fire-light, red and warm;  
 While strange fantastic shadows fall  
 Upon the many-pictured wall  
 To which she lifts her eyes;  
 And round about our dwelling blow  
 Great winds that come before a storm,  
 And moonless, starless, are the skies.

She sings it, sitting by her harp,  
 An angel presence, clad in white;  
 And as her silver accents float  
 Like some wild bird's melodious note,  
 The harp-strings make reply :  
 'Tis sweet ! but I have memories sharp  
 That rob the strain of its delight,  
 And though my darling sings, I sigh.

---

She sings the song, the sad old song  
Another sang ere she was born,  
A simple strain of hopes and fears,  
Of love and trust in bygone years,  
    The song I learned to love  
When passion woke with pulses strong,  
When life was in its first hot morn,  
    And youth's glad skies were clear above.

And one red rose was near my hand,  
Too near, God knoweth, for my good ;  
Ah me ! in fond impatient hour  
I plucked and wore the tempting flower,  
    I thought it sweet and pure—  
Not foulest weed in all the land,  
Not draught in witches' cauldron brewed,  
    Had poison half so deadly-sure.

It turned my wine of life to gall,  
It warped my olden love of truth,  
It drove me from my native sod,  
It broke my trust in man—in God !  
    Ah, darling ! cease the song  
In pity for the tears that fall  
On memories of my wasted youth,  
    Though thou art here, and love is strong.

I love thee, darling, as men love  
The memory of their mother's face,  
I love thee as an angel sent  
To teach my tortured heart content ;  
    And in good time to bring  
Green boughs of peace, like Noah's dove,  
The chambers of my heart to grace,  
    And give my life a sweeter spring.

But in the years before we met—  
My tender love, my childish wife—  
In all the anguish of the smart  
That seared the freshness of my heart,  
    Thou had'st not part nor lot ;  
I sowed my harvest of regret  
While thou wast yet at play with life,  
    In days that thou rememberest not.

Therefore, sweetheart, it is not meet  
That far-off cloud should dark thy days,  
Nor is it meet thy spirit white  
Should learn how murky was the night  
    Through which my spirit came,  
To find thee waiting, pure and sweet,  
A snowdrop in life's quiet ways,  
    A lily worthy of the name.

I drop a curtain on the past,  
Deep love for thee wove every fold,  
I turn mine eyes—not far away  
Shines out a dawning, golden day,  
    With never cloud nor storm;  
I bury out of sight at last,  
The murdered hopes and dreams of old,  
    And wait the morrow's sunshine warm.

But sing no more that song to me  
Another sang when I was young,  
Let thy sweet voice and harp-strings weave  
A melody that will not grieve  
    His heart who loves thee so;  
All happy strains are free to thee,  
Sing all as with an angel's tongue,  
    But not that song of long-ago!

## A Picture from Abroad.

---

**H**OLD it in my hand,  
 This pictured group that comes to me,  
 So many miles across the sea,  
 Our little exiled band :  
 And through thick-falling tears I trace  
 The comely father, tall and brave,  
 The mother, pensive, wistful, grave,  
 The child's wee, winsome face.

They sailed from us away,  
 When April skies were overhead,  
 When from its mossy, woodland bed,  
 The primrose blossomed gay ;  
 They sailed away across the foam,  
 With hopeful hearts in quest of health,  
 That better gift than fame and wealth,  
 They sailed away from home.

Ah ! but a year ago,  
The same land held us, one and all,  
Now far from one another's call  
Our life-tides ebb and flow !  
The very seasons change between,  
For we have snow at New-Year's tide,  
While in their land the gay brooks glide  
Through meadows summer-green.

How wide the sea that parts  
Our own from us, how cold the waves  
That toss and roll o'er nameless graves,  
And fret o'er pulseless hearts ;  
Then past the highway of the ships,  
How many miles of trackless land  
Forbid the touch of clasping hand,  
The joy of meeting lips.

Yet thought is ours, and here  
The little touching picture lies,  
We seem to look into their eyes,  
Their tender tones to hear ;  
Not parted, ah ! not parted yet,  
Though waves divide and mountains rear  
Their height betwixt us, here and there,  
Love's sun can never set.

## A PICTURE FROM ABROAD.

Not parted, though no ship  
May ever bring our own to us,  
To meet with kisses, thus, and thus ;

Though sails may never dip  
Below the horizon of our shore,  
And carry us to them, to spend  
Close-link'd lives, till life shall end,  
Yet Love lives evermore.

And some day we shall meet,  
Beyond all chance, all human doubt ;  
What matter whence we each set out,  
So in the end we greet ;  
The light between heaven's golden bars,  
Shall beacon all as we go forth  
To meet, God willing, south and north,  
Beneath the eternal stars !

## Before Sailing.

---

**B**EAN closer, darling, let thy tender heart  
 Beat against mine that aches with heavy  
 woe,

Drop thy quick woman's tears to soothe thy smart,

Ah me! that I could ease my sorrow so!

But men must work, sweetheart, and women weep,

So says the song, so runs the world's behest;

Yet time will pass, and tender comfort creep

With hope in company unto thy breast.

Now ere we part, while yet on lip and cheek

Close kisses linger, clinging, passionate,

There is a farewell word love fain would speak,

A tender thought love labours to translate

In earnest words, whose memory through the years,


Shall calm thy soul, and dry thy dropping tears.



If in thy garden when the roses blow,  
Or by the shelter of thine evening fire,  
In any winter gloom, or summer glow,  
Thy soul floats seaward with a fond desire,  
(Fonder and stronger than thy tender use)  
Think thou, "One longs for me across the foam;"  
And if, sweet-falling like the evening dews,  
A special peace enfolds thine heart and home,  
Then say thou, dear, with softly-bated breath,  
"In some lone wilderness beyond the sea,  
Whether in light of life, or gloom of death,  
My lover's spirit speaks to God for me!"  
Kiss me, beloved, without doubt or dread,  
We are not sundered, though farewell be said.

## By the Firelight.

---

 HE sleeps—the welcome wintry sun  
 Is shining on her little face,  
 The firelight glints upon her hair,  
 My precious blossom! oh, how fair,  
     How very fair she is!  
 And soft she sleeps, my little one,  
 As sadly to and fro I pace,  
     And dream anew of olden bliss.

The flowers I plucked for her delight  
 Have fallen from the tiny hand;  
 The painted toy that charmed her eyes  
 With quaint design and action, lies  
     Beside the pictured book;  
 Strange thoughts arise, oh! blossom bright,  
 That vex and thrill me as I stand  
     Anear, and on thy features look.

Thy mother's face, thy mother's smile,  
Thy mother's ringlets flowing free,  
Her tinted cheek, her forehead white,  
Her eyes, brown wells of liquid light,  
    Yea, all her charms are thine ;  
Thy mother kissed thy lips, erewhile,  
Before she sent thee forth to me,  
    And to that kiss I added mine.

And when this evening's shadows fall,  
And thou art by her side again,  
Will she, too, seek, as I have sought  
The kiss the childish lips have brought  
    Our parted lips to bless ?  
Will she too fondly question all  
I said and did, and seek to gain  
    A glimpse of our lost happiness ?

Ah dear, my wife ! ah sweet, my wife !  
Too lightly won, too lightly lost ;  
Might riper age repair with tears  
The havoc made in earlier years,  
    Should we weep, thou and I ?  
Should we clasp hands, and end the strife  
That all our youthful years hath crossed,  
    And fare together till we die ?

If we two stood upon the brink  
 Of that wide gulf that yawns between  
 Thy life and mine this many a day,  
 And one should to the other say,  
     "I erred the first—and most,"  
 Should we stretch out glad hands and link  
 Our lives, and let the dark "has been"  
     Float from us like a grim grey ghost?

'Tis hard to say, for pride is strong,  
 And either blamed the other's heat;  
 But as I look upon the face  
 Of my one child, and in it trace  
     The looks of one away,  
 My heart cries out against the wrong  
 That bars us both from union sweet;  
     "And whose the blame?" I sadly say.

I was to blame, for I was hard;  
 She was to blame, for she was proud;  
 And so the pride and hardness built  
 A wall between us, high as guilt;  
     And yet no guilt was there.  
 But when my heart grew soft, she barred  
 The gate on love. I cried aloud;  
     But she was deaf unto my prayer.

## BY THE FIRELIGHT.

And so we drifted far apart,  
While friends came in to heal the breach ;  
Poor fools ! to think that they could touch  
With balm the hearts that ached too much,  
Too wildly, for despair.  
But pride put gauds above the smart,  
And we were gay and light of speech,  
And jeered at love and mocked at care.

But still the child, the little child,  
Goes at the stated seasons forth  
From her to me, from me to her, /  
And keeps keen thrilling thoughts astir,  
Awaking old regret.  
Thought springs to-night unfettered, wild,  
Oh, wife, what is life's living worth  
If thou and I are parted yet ?

Lo ! I will break the bonds that hold  
My life and thine in separate ways,  
And standing by thee face to face  
Beseech thee fill thine empty place,  
And bless my lonely soul  
With love like that fair love of old,  
That gladdened all our morning days,  
But stronger grown, and calm, and whole.

I will not grudge to own me wrong—  
 Great Heaven ! what slender form is hereo ?  
 What loving eyes look into mine ?  
 What hands in mine own hands entwine ?  
     My wife, my wife, at last !  
 Wake up, white blossom, sleep not long,  
 Awake to bless thy mother dear ;  
     Our days of dark are gone and past.

My bird, thou hast flown home to me,  
 Thrice welcome to thine early nest !  
 Nay, not a word between us twain  
 Of all the empty years of pain  
     For evermore be said.  
 It is enough for me and thee  
 That thou art here upon my breast,  
     That all our foolish past is dead.

## “Carissima.”

---

**L**INKED hands of woman and of man,  
 Eyes waking, watching eyes that sleep;  
 Close-curtained windows, pictured walls,  
 Whereon the ruddy fireshine falls  
     With cheerful, tender glow;  
 A brodered wrap, a jewelled fan,  
 And by the couch a fragrant heap  
     Of waxen blossoms, white as snow.

A weary brow where tresses cling  
 Unourled, as if with heavy dews,  
 White flower-like lids, that soft and meek  
 Shade the sharp outline of the cheek,  
     Like ivory pure and pale;  
 A hand whereon the wedding-ring  
 Hangs like a fetter growing loose,  
     All sadly, truly, tell their tale.

So very fair! A year ago  
She wore her bridal coronet,  
So very young! it almost seems  
The shadow of her childish dreams  
Is wrapped about her now:  
No touch of human want or woe  
Hath troubled her young spirit, yet  
She fades like blossom on the bough.

She fades; ah! watcher heavy-eyed,  
Cast down thy gold with reckless hand,  
Spread lavishly beneath her feet  
All goodly things and fair and sweet,  
To snare her weary eyes;  
She is thine own, thy childish bride,  
Thy blossom from love's fairy-land,  
Rise up, do battle for thy prize!

Clasp, clasp her close in love's strong arms,  
Kiss, kiss her close with love's warm lips,  
Give all thou hast, and all thou art,  
The very life-blood of thine heart,  
To save her from her fate.  
Let love stand forth and work his charms  
Triumphant over death's eclipse.  
Love's very self replies, "Too late!"



There was no lack of corn and wine,  
No lack of hope's delightful flowers,  
No lack of gay and glittering toys,  
Of simple pleasures, childish joys,  
    To please her guileless heart;  
But One hath made a silent sign,  
And through the sunshine of the hours  
    His shadow creeps with scythe and dart.

There was no lack of fondest love  
To fence her from life's outer air,  
No lack of passion deep and strong  
To clasp her close and hold her long  
    In surest safe embrace.  
The nest is worthy of the dove,  
Soft-lined and warm, and very fair,  
    But One prepares another place.

She is thine own, world-weary man,  
Thy very own, a little while,  
The tender simple child that thou  
Has guarded with a solemn vow,  
    Yet day by day she slips  
A little farther from the span  
Of earthly life—no earthly smile  
    Will linger long upon her lips.

Thy wealth, new showered upon her life,  
Was powerless to corrupt her soul,  
But ah! that gold, that useless hoard,  
So widely spent, so freely poured,  
Is powerless to save!  
Fling down thy weapons in the strife,  
Nor love, nor wealth can make her whole;  
Go to, thou can'st but deck a grave.

But when the green grass laps her in,  
Thy tender one, thy little wife,  
When all that love must bear and do,  
When forced to taste the bitter rue,  
Is borne and done and past:  
Steal sometimes from the city's din,  
From all the hum and stir of life,  
To where she slumbers long and fast.

And doubt thou not that there will be  
Great cause for praise as well as prayer;  
For praise because that cherished child  
Was taken hence all undefiled  
By worldly stain or spot;  
That while the long years weary thee  
With touch of age, and fret of care,  
Eternal childhood is her lot.

Eternal childhood ; Heaven's sweet gift  
Unto the blessed "pure in heart."  
Look up, pale watcher, all is well,  
The soul, before it reads, must spell,

Lo ! there thy lesson waits ;  
God takes thy flower from earth's cold drift,  
To bloom in Paradise apart,  
Till thou, too, pass within its gates.

## From Love's Ashes.

---

**L**ONE in a far-off land,  
 With empty heart and treasure lost,  
 Poor, championless, and fortune-crost,  
 She stretches out her hand  
 Across the wide, unfathomed sea,  
 To one, who sware in other days,  
 Amid love's tumult and amaze,  
 A changeless fealty.

Lo! there the letter lies,  
 A poor, tear-blotted, flimsy thing,  
 Yet hath it subtle power to bring  
 The dew unto mine eyes;  
 And through a silver mist I see  
 The pretty face I used to kiss  
 In youth's unquestioning fond bliss,  
 When love was new to me.

The pretty childish face,  
Untroubled by a touch of care,  
Set round about with golden hair;  
The gay and girlish grace,  
The peal of laughter gushing free,  
Like music of a summer brook,  
The winsome way, the sunshine look,  
The pure and joyous glee—

I call them all to mind,  
But with each bright imagining  
Come darker memories that sting,  
For I was fool, and blind;  
I thought she gave her love to me,  
But while I watered well the root  
Of hope's fair vine, and looked for fruit,  
Another robbed the tree.

Robbed, said I? Nay, I err,  
He did but take the thing she gave—  
While I, to baffled love a slave,  
Made bitter coil and stir,  
They twain made haste to put the sea  
Betwixt their lives and mine—so past  
The wave of my first love—and last—  
And left me scarred, but free.

Now here her letter lies :  
Her widowed cry from that far land,  
That I should take her by the hand,  
And dry her streaming eyes ;  
" I have no friend, but only thee ;  
I wronged thee, slaying love and truth,  
Yet let the memory of our youth  
Plead with thine heart for me."

The memory of our youth !  
Ah, sometime love ! that spell is vain  
If you should seek to make again  
The trial of my truth.  
Not wider is the sounding sea,  
That parts us land from land to-day,  
Than time's wide gulf that bars the way  
Of love to you and me.


Can you give back the glow  
That warmed the spring-time of our love ?  
The faith that placed you far above  
All things God's stars below ?  
Spread honey for last year's dead bee,  
Will he arise to sip the store ?  
I trow not. So for evermore  
Love's honey tempts not me.

Yet gentlest feelings blend,  
And tender memories gather near;  
I take a sacred charge, and dear,  
Of sister and of friend;  
Not vainly o'er the wide, wild sea.  
Her letter comes. A brother's right  
In place of dead-and-gone delight,  
The future offers me.

Lone in a far-off land,  
With empty heart and treasure lost,  
Poor, championless, and fortune-crost,  
She stretches out her hand  
Across the wide unfathomed sea,  
And one, forsaken in far days,  
Gives from the ashes of love's blazo,  
His changeless fealty.

## Giving in Marriage.

---

OME, let us sit together for a space,  
 In this still room remote from friendly mirth,  
 Afar from light and music, face to face,  
 Each unto each the dearest thing on earth.  
 Love, they have left us, our two bonny brides,  
 Our tall grave girl, our winsome laughing pet;  
 Ah me! How wide the chasm that divides  
 Our life from theirs; how far their feet are set  
 From the calm path they trod with us so long.  
 How we shall miss them, we who loved them so!  
 On winter nights when winds are blowing strong,  
 On summer mornings, when the roses blow.  
 But—happy but—we still clasp hand in hand,  
 Eye still meets eye, and true hearts understand.



Love, they have left us empty of the mirth  
That cheered our homestead while they sojourned here;  
Yea, they have left us lonely on the earth,  
Lone, but together, solitude most dear;  
Oh! God go with them to the stranger-nests,  
- That love has built for them and theirs to come,  
God keep all warm and living in their breasts  
Love's holy flame, the altar-fire of home.  
Dear, they have left us; we no longer hold  
The first, best place, however leal each heart,  
Yet have we treasure left, refined gold,  
Love's sterling ore, without its baser part.  
The wide old house has lost its nestling birds,  
But we are left. Ah, love, what need of words!

## Gladys.

---

**W**HEN March, forgetful of his fierceness, laid  
 His stormy head on April's gentle breast,  
 When all the island gardens were aflame  
 With yellow daffodils, or faintly blue  
 With violets, and fragrant with their breath,  
 When all the fertile land was budding forth  
 In splendid promise of the coming year,  
 God gave thee, Gladys, to love's longing arms.

God laid thee, Gladys, in her morn of life,  
 Upon the bosom of thy mother dear,  
 God gave thee in the freshness of his youth,  
 Unto thy father's fondest, first embrace :  
 Ah little child ! ah tender, two-years' child !  
 How many links and golden make the chain  
 Which God has bound about united hearts,  
 The chain of love, clasped by thy tiny hand.

Ah, Gladys, little love! what hopes are set  
Upon that precious baby head of thine,  
What dreams are dreamed beside the flickering fire,  
While thy dear mother maps out life for thee;  
What wishes, mounting on the wings of prayer,  
Plead in God's presence for thy precious sake.

The month of strength and storm was newly met  
With tender April, month of sun and shower,  
When little Gladys, like a blossom dropped  
From heaven's wide meadows, love's one spring-flower,  
came.

Ah, be the season of thy birth, dear child,  
A sacred symbol of thy days to come,  
Be thine the strength and sweetness, duly met  
And mixed, that marks a queen of womanhood:  
The strength to choose the right, and cleave thereto;  
The strength to speak for right with fearless tongue,  
The strength to strike for right, in time of need;  
And, harder yet, the strength to stand apart  
From thine own happiness, if right demand;  
The strength to die for right if God so choose!


But while thy soul is strong like rugged March,  
Let sunny April have her share in thee:  
Be thine the sweetness of her blossom-time,

Her smile, her music, and her tender tears :  
The smile of love that blesses all around,  
The songs of love that only love can learn,  
And only love in full can comprehend ;  
The tears of love that fall like heavenly dew  
Upon the rugged soil of weary hearts,  
And breaking up the clods, let sunshine through,  
Until they blossom and are glad again.

Is this too much to wish our two-years' child ?  
Speak we too fondly of her future years ?  
Love hath no oracle whereby to read  
The fate of its close darlings. But we know  
That He who gave the child will guard the child,  
And in this faith we turn from visions vain,  
And looking on our Gladys, are content.

## Homeward Bound.

---

UR trusty, well-beloved friend  
 Was homeward bound across the sea,  
 From lonely sojourn in far lands.  
 He came to clasp our clasping hands,  
 To hear our welcome sweet;  
 To bring his wanderings to an end  
 In this dear home with mine and me,  
 To make my quiet bliss complete.

"I come," he wrote (his letter lies  
 Before me in the sunshine fair),  
 "I come with heart content to see  
 The joy which God hath given to thee,  
 My comrade true and tried;  
 I fain would see it with mine eyes,  
 I fain would hear thyself declare  
 How deep thine happiness, how wide.

"I come because I long to see  
The bonny English flowers a-bloom,  
Because a spirit of unrest  
Doth vex my lately-quiet breast  
    With whispers in my sleep  
Of daisied meadow, breezy lea,  
Of April sunshine and perfume,  
    Of heath-clad mountains grey and steep.

"I come because the rolling years  
Have stilled the passion of my youth,  
Because the rugged paths of time  
Have led me up to heights sublime ;  
    And I, who could not see  
Thy first great bliss for blinding tears,  
I say to-day in honest truth  
    God's way was best for thee, and me.

"I come to take thine hand, my friend,  
To look upon thy sweet wife's face,  
To see thy children fond and fair ;  
To breath again the blessed air  
    That fanned me at my birth ;  
Until (beside thee to the end)  
I go from forth my dwelling-place  
    To find a grave on English earth.

"I come, my friend." Ah me! sweet wife,  
What marvel that the tears run down?  
What marvel that these tender words  
Smite mournfully on true heart-chorus,  
Since he, whose thoughts they bear,  
He, who had loved us all his life,  
Who for love's sake laid down love's crown,  
Hath parted from us elsewhere?

He thought to see our happy home,  
Our wedded bliss, our children dear,  
He thought to see thee by my side,  
Who dared not look upon my bride,  
Who loved thee in his prime:  
But o'er his grave, with crests of foam  
The wild Atlantic billows rear  
Their heads, and make a mournful chime.

He will not see this home of ours,  
This little Eden all our own,  
He will not bring within our door  
An added blessing to love's store  
Of cheerful sacrifice;  
And to the height of heavenly flowers  
Our precious blossoms will have grown,  
Before they meet his kindly eyes.

He will not see, my sweetest wife,  
 Thy radiant beauty past its morn,  
 Nor tender traces of the tears,  
 The sighs and smiles, the hopes and fears,  
     Of wife's and mother's care.  
 If through the mists of failing life,  
 He saw thy face, it must have worn  
     The look that I remember there.

The April look of long ago,  
 When all were young and thou wast free,  
 And on the hawthorn-bordered way  
 We loitered in the glad noon-day,  
     Beneath a sapphire sky :  
 Ah, wife ! then dawned love's summer glow,  
 My beating heart sprang out to thee,  
     But my true friend went silent by.

He was the worthier of the twain,  
 His pulses beat as strong as mine,  
 He looked on thee with lover's eyes,  
 And never sought to win the prize,  
     But standing calm apart,  
 Smiled brotherly upon my gain,  
 And pressed into my cup of wine  
     The crushed, ripe first-fruits of his heart.



Ah, my lost friend ! that tender debt  
Which we had purposed to repay,  
The debt which came with sweet love's birth,  
Can never be repaid on earth,  
    But thou hast surely found  
A happy end to life's regret ;  
God's Angel met thee by the way,  
    And thou, indeed, wast homeward bound !

## In Snow Time.

---

**H**OW should I choose to walk the world with thee,  
Mine own beloved? When green grass is  
stirred

By summer breezes, and each leafy tree,  
Shelters the nest of many a singing bird?  
In time of roses, when the earth doth lie  
Dressed in a garment of midsummer hues,  
Beneath a canopy of sapphire sky  
Lulled by a soft wind's song? Or should I choose  
To walk with thee along a wintry road,  
Through flowerless fields, thick-sown with frosty rime,  
Beside an ice-bound stream, whose waters flowed  
In voiceless music all the summer time?  
In winter dreariness, or summer glee,  
How should I choose to walk the world with thee?

The time of roses is the time of love,  
Ah, my dear heart ! but winter fires are bright,  
And in the lack of sunshine from above  
We tend more carefully love's sacred light.  
The path among the roses lieth soft  
Sun-kissed and radiant under youthful feet !  
But on a wintry way true hands more oft  
Do meet and cling in pressure close and sweet.  
There is more need of love's supporting arm,  
Along life's slippery pathway in its frost,  
There is more need for love to wrap us warm,  
Against life's cold, when summer flowers are lost.  
Let others share thy life's glad summer glow,  
But let me walk beside thee in its snow !

## Irresolvable.

---

**A** GLORY blazed upon the land,  
     From gorse and purple heather,  
 As they two parted hand from hand,  
     Who long had fared together :  
 As they two parted heart from heart,  
     In sunny autumn weather.

“Now let,” said they, “from this bright day,  
     Our linkèd life-paths sever,  
 Let no sweet word of love be heard,  
     Between us twain for ever.  
 The rose of June is dead and gone,  
     Before serene September ;  
 And why our love hath dropped asleep,  
     We care not to remember.”

A heavy mist lay on the land,  
All faded was the heather,  
As they two stood, hand clasping hand,  
Once more alone together :  
As they two stood, close heart to heart,  
In sullen wintry weather.

"Now let," said they, "love have his way,  
Our lives we could not sever,  
Through mists of doubt, our hearts cried out,  
Faith cleared life's skies for ever.  
It gave no smart, we thought, to part,  
In sunshine of September,  
But heart clings close to loving heart,  
In chilly, dull November :  
Love wakes again, and why he slept,  
We care not to remember."

## In an Old Palace.

---

“MY darling, I will rest awhile  
 Upon this ancient window seat,  
 This wide, old-fashioned, brown recess,  
 And watch the pictured loveliness  
 That decks the chamber round,  
 Each gay grand lady’s courtly smile,  
 Her full free glance of witchery sweet,  
 And curling tresses all unbound.

“Or I will wander soft and slow,  
 As suits me best, from room to room,  
 Again to ponder, as I trace  
 The features of Loyola’s face,  
 The secret of his power.  
 Or mark the veiled pathetic woe  
 In Charles’s eyes, that spake of doom  
 Before the storm began to lower.

"But go thou, sweetest, gaily out  
And sun thyself this sunny day,  
Go find again thy favourite nook,  
Where, babbling like a country brook,  
Great Thames goes plashing by.  
Or roam the wide old place about  
In thine own mood, in thine own way,  
And smile beneath God's azure sky.

"Go forth and banish from thine eyes,  
The haunting shade that vexes me,  
Go forth and lose thy childish care  
Among sweet things of earth and air,  
Blown flower and changing leaf.  
Let girlish laughter quench thy sighs,  
Let Nature's balsam comfort thee,  
(Go to, thou dost but play at grief."

We part, she passes from my sight,  
Adown the wide, time-trodden stair,  
Her foot's faint echo dies away;  
Ah me! it seems but yesterday  
My little girl was born.  
But yesterday, a snowdrop white  
She blossomed in the wintry air  
Of wedded life, long past its morn.

Of wedded life where love was not,  
Or not such love as once I knew ;  
Poor girl, poor wife ! I tried my best  
To drive that image from my breast,  
    And keep me true to thee.  
But love had made and marred my lot  
Before we met, and one less true  
    Than thou, had changed the world for me.

And yet, perhaps she did but yield  
To father's threat and mother's art ;  
She might have purposed to be true,  
Perhaps—perhaps—I never knew—  
    Our parting was so swift.  
Love one day ours, and all life's field  
A-bloom with hope—then forced apart  
By wider widths than death's drear drift.

Then I went mad, and mocked at life,  
And jeered at all its precious things,  
At manhood's faith, and woman's truth,  
And spilled the ruddy wine of youth  
    With wilful, wasteful hand.  
I stood with all the world at strife,  
Till life was poisoned at its springs,  
And clogged with dust, and choked with sand.



But in the end there came to me  
An angel in a woman's guise,  
She touched my wounds with balm divine,  
She poured therein love's oil and wine,  
    And closed my heart's wide rent.  
My love was dead, but I was free,  
And could be faithful. Was it wise?  
    God knows; she said she was content.

And I was faithful, if one call  
That faith, which no desires assail;  
I could not give her love for love,  
But still, I held her far above  
    Her younger, lovelier peers.  
And when, in aftertime, the call  
Of death came with an infant's wail  
    God knows I made her grave with tears.

But ah, the babe! the little child!  
The wailing, wee, unmothered one,  
How closely to my heart hath crept  
The daughter since the mother slept.  
    She is my own, my own,  
The one clean thing and undefiled,  
Life holds for me beneath the sun,  
    And she is mine—as yet—alone

I look from out my window-seat,  
To see my dainty daughter pass ;  
Fair as the world's first morning time,  
Just rounding to the tender prime  
    Of girlish blossoming.  
A sight that makes my old heart bent ;  
She stands like Flora on the grass,  
    By the white statue of the Spring.

And must I lose her? Can I give  
My tender maiden from my side?  
And to his son—mine ancient foe,  
The man who wronged me years ago?  
    My daughter, it is hard!  
How much the heart can bear, and live,  
How much forego of hate and pride,  
    Lest its one-darling's life be marred!

Fate wills it so, my little dove,  
I will not part thy love from thee,  
His noble face is full of truth,  
The unspent heritage of youth  
    Lies yet within his hand.  
The father took my early love,  
The son will take my child from me,  
Nor sire, nor son, could I withstand.

Ah well, he hath his mother's face,  
And his dear mother's grave is green,  
And since the father, too, lies low,  
And since the wrong was long ago,

My heart says, I forgive,  
The lad is worthy of our race,  
His heart is brave, his hands are clean,  
If love be life, then let them live.

She glides across the oaken floor,  
And in the ancient doorway stands,  
I look around the pictured wall,  
No stately lady of them all  
Hath charms so rarely blent.  
And one comes with her through the door,  
With eager eyes and outstretched hands,  
Her lover. Child, I am content!

## June.

---

**T**HE winds of summer softly pass  
 Across the daisied meadow-grass,  
 Ripe for the shining scythe, alas!  
 The merry sunbeams glitter through  
 The leaves, from skies of azure hue,  
 But thunder clouds will mar the blue.

The sea lies sleeping in the sun,  
 Like some great monarch, feasting done—  
 Like some great warrior, victory won.  
 Full softly curl the little waves,  
 The children play in empty caves—  
 And yet the sea hath countless graves.

How gaily rocks yon little bark,  
 How loudly o'er me sings the lark,  
 And yet the world seems very dark.  
 Ah, me, my heart! the sapphire skies  
 Are broad and bright, the shadow lies  
 Not on the earth, but in mine eyes.

It lies upon my heart, alas !  
But if, with time, the shadow pass,  
Then shall I see the greenest grass ;  
Then shall I feel in sunshine strong  
No fear of thunder all day long,  
And sweet will be the gay lark's song.

And from the shadow I may win  
The strength I crave to conquer sin,  
A peace to fold my spirit in ;  
So my poor heart, when past its noon,  
May be more restful, more in tune,  
By lessons learned in shadowed June.

## Longfellow.

---

**W**E loved his songs, they sounded sweet  
 And true, in English ears;  
 And though our lands are parted wide,  
 The New World Singer who has died,  
 Shall have our English tears.

For in our homely English hearts  
 He liveth evermore:  
 He seemed our own; he spake our tongue,  
 And all the simple songs he sung  
 We added to our store.

For us, as for his native land,  
 He smote the sounding lyre;  
 To us, as to the younger birth  
 Of men, that people western earth,  
 He spake in words of fire.

And though that hallowed dust of his  
Claims not from us a grave ;  
Though on the turf above his breast,  
Our English daisies cannot rest,  
Nor English yew-trees wave ;—

Yet in old England's proudest fane  
We give his marble room,  
And there is builded, far apart,  
For him in England's inmost heart,  
A solemn sacred tomb.

A monument that will endure,  
Though marble shall decay :  
The memory of the Poet's life,  
That far from mammon's sordid strife,  
Shone to the perfect day.

The memory of the Poet's song,  
That thrilled us to the core,  
That captive held the errant thought,  
Until the lesson that it brought  
Was learnt for evermore.

His grave is green in his own land,  
Washed by the western wave,  
But let the Old World and the New,  
Since both have loved, and found him true,  
Clasp hands across that grave.

## “Missing !”

---

**W**HERE is the Atalanta? the good ship  
 That bore across the ocean English boys  
 And bearded English seamen in their prime.  
 Where is the Atalanta? was the cry  
 When “Overdue” was all we heard of her :  
 Where is the Atalanta? asked the land,  
 And “Missing” came the mournful answer back.  
 Where is the Atalanta? rose the wail  
 Of panting hearts in dread of dreadful woe,  
 “Where is the ship that holds our dearest hopes,  
 The missing ship that carried our young lives?”  
 Then came the answerless sad answer—“Lost !”

Another ship gone down on God's great deep,  
 Another venture foundered on its way;  
 And not a soul escaped to tell the tale  
 Of how the Atalanta met her fate.  
 Went she to doom beneath the tempest's shock,  
 Amid the crash of God's great thunder-bolts,  
 Swift-smitten with the ocean's sudden rage?



Or sank she down beneath a smiling sky,  
A tropic warmth upon the waves, and songs  
That echoed in her timbers, till they changed  
Unto the cries, harsh, dissonant, and strained,  
Of human souls a-face with sudden death?  
Was she drawn down beneath the bubbling waves,  
By some strange monster of the foreign deep,  
Some kraken larger, stronger than his tribe,  
Whose slimy arms, wide-stretching, wrapped her  
round,  
And crushed her sides, and slew her goodly crew,  
And dragged her wreck beneath the summer seas?

Or hath she, after drifting out of course,  
Lighted on some fair island far away,  
A "New Atlantis" with a "Stranger's House,"  
Where wearied, sick, and sorrowful may rest;  
Some haven like that port in southern seas,  
Fabled by England's great Philosopher?  
Or hath she touched the lotus-eater's land,  
Where under mystic sun and foliage strange,  
Her charmed crew dream on in peaceful ease,  
Without a thought of country, love, or home?

Ah, no! the cry that bursts from England's heart,  
The wail of widow, orphan, weeping maid,  
Would break the subtlest charm of fabled isles,  
And bring the Atalanta home in haste.

No ! she hath sailed unto a darker shore,  
 With all her freight of manhood and young hope,  
 And to that port where English men and boys  
 Unknowing drifted, we in turn must go ;  
 Now it is we, not they, are overdue,  
 Now it is we, not they, who missing are,  
 But in our faithful hearts we know that those  
 Who set out homeward in that fated ship,  
 Are lost no longer—they have made their port ;  
 And wheresoe'er the Atalanta lies,  
 They wait for us in that far, fairer world,  
 Whereof God sayeth there is no more sea.

## October.

---

**T**HROUGH autumn fields close-reaped and  
 bare,  
 Her quiet pathway lies ;  
 October's breeze is on the air,  
 And in October's skies  
 A yellow sun hangs round and low,  
 While all the woodlands are a-glow.

She goes with messages of love  
 To sad and humble homes,  
 Where light, as from a world above,  
 With her fair presence comes :  
 Where lips, long used to sin and shame,  
 Find softer tones to speak her name.

She hath no harvest of her own,  
 In all the fruitful land,  
 No happy field with love-seed sown,  
 No wealth at her command :  
 But she hath chosen—with a heart  
 Made great by grief—the better part.

Her life is bleak and very bare,  
She hath no field nor vine,  
But God hath given to her care  
The heavenly corn and wine,  
The healing balm, the oil of mirth,  
To pour for weary ones of earth.

So hath the autumn of her life  
October's cheery glow,  
Though never man may call her wife,  
Though she may never know  
The earthly joys of home and love,  
Her harvest waves on plains above.

## Parkhurst.

(THE CONVICTS' GRAVEYARD.)

---

**A** GREEN enclosure fenced around  
 With time-toned walls of dusky red,  
 High walls, whereon grey lichen clings,  
 Whereon the tender ivy flings  
     Its green and gracious veil :  
 Sad walls, that mark with narrow bound  
 This dwelling of the nameless dead,  
     Far from the church's holy pale.

Stout English oak-trees wave a-near,  
 And beeches in their summer green ;  
 Upon the hillside, close at hand,  
 Lies many a slope of smiling land,  
     Blue flax and yellow corn ;  
 And through the sunshine warm and clear,  
 That bathes in gold the sylvan scene,  
     Comes many a sound of labour born.

The wild birds carol, mad with glee,  
And fling their songs adown the slope;  
Within the forest ebb and flow  
A thousand tides of life, aglow  
    With gladness brief and bright;  
The far-off murmur of the sea  
Throbs minor in the strain of hope  
    That Nature sings with deep delight.

I enter through the narrow gate,  
And stand among the grassy graves;  
God's acre! aye, though here do lie  
Poor hearts, whose birthright, liberty,  
    Was forfeited and lost:  
God's acre! though the dead that wait  
His call in this green spot, were slaves  
    To sin, poor outlaws, passion-tossed.

God's acre! though no rain of tears  
Despairing fell from human eyes,  
What time the soul returned to God,  
What time the delver stirred the sod  
    To make another grave:  
No mother tends through all the years  
A dear, green spot, with tears and sighs,  
    And blessed hopes to make her brave.

No father rears with lavish hand  
A stone above the cherished dead,  
His love and longing to rehearse,  
With broken column, holy verse,  
    And carven blossoms pale :  
No sisters come, a gentle band,  
Their quick and tender tears to shed,  
    For parted love beyond the veil.

But Nature breathes her softest balm,  
Upon this lonely, silent place :  
Where human grief must needs be dumb,  
Where loving footsteps cannot come,  
    Sweet Nature does her best :  
Her winds do chant a solemn psalm  
Of God's great love, of God's good grace,  
    Of troubled hearts that be at rest.

And over every grave she writes  
A blessed message in a flower ;  
Here, broidering fair the new-turned mould,  
The daisy spreads its white and gold  
    Like long-lost innocence ;  
Or like those sinless, sweet delights  
That blest life's happy childhood-hour,  
    Ere joy was turned to penitence.

Here, on a grave of older make,  
The yellow crowfoot glads the grass  
With all its wealth of ruddy gold,  
Like youth's ambitions, bright and bold,  
That autumn sweeps away :  
And here, a wanderer from the brake,  
The bramble spreads to winds that pass  
Green shoots and blossoms silver-grey.

And on a hillock older still,  
Where greenest grass and mosses creep,  
A strawberry hath taken root,  
And tender blossoms, blushing fruit,  
Spring from the dead man's dust :  
Though poison-flower and fruit of ill  
Were his when living—let him sleep—  
For God shall judge us, Who is just.

Yea, God shall judge us. Those who lie  
In England's proudest sepulchre,  
Their country's idols. Those who sleep  
Uncoffined in the mighty deep ;  
And those in churchyard bed  
Unvaulted save by God's blue sky ;  
Those sleeping in the city's stir ;  
And these poor, shameful, nameless dead.



Although the sound of human woe  
In this lone place is never heard,  
Though every humble, grassy mound  
In this sad spot of graveyard ground  
Is nameless and unknown,  
Yet truest hearts have ached to know  
Of latest look, of latest word,  
When some poor soul passed out alone.

And here in heart poor mothers come,  
Although they never see the spot;  
Here, doubly-widowed, weeps the wife  
For one, wide-parted while in life;  
And here the sister's prayer,  
Breathed from the shelter of sweet home  
For one beloved and unforgot,  
Seems floating on the tranquil air.

I hold my breath, 'tis hallowed ground,  
And haunted by a sacred spell;  
Ah, heaven! to see these graves so green,  
And then to think what might have been!  
I humbly bow mine head;  
Oh Thou! with Whom is mercy found,  
Who only doest all things well,  
Guard Thou this graveyard and its dead!

## Passion Flowers.

---

**S**HE takes them from the warm south side  
 Of her fair house at eventide,  
       Her fragile fingers blend  
 The flowers for churchyard wreath and cross,  
 Symbolic of a love and loss  
       Whereof she knows no end.

Far, far behind her in the haze  
 Of years and tears, those early days  
       Of love and sorrow lie :  
 She was a wife, on one true breast  
 Her troubled girlhood found a rest,  
       In glad security.

Together in youth's morning time,  
 Their hearts rang true to true love's chime,  
       Through never-weary hours ;  
 Together, standing in the sun,  
 They pulled with gladness one by one,  
       Love's purple passion flowers.

But Death stole grimly to their side,  
And reft the bridegroom from the bride,  
Her marriage coronet  
Was scarcely laid with blushes down,  
Ere on her curls of chestnut-brown  
The widow's cap was set.

She was a wife, true wife to one  
Whose noble race was swiftly run,  
And, faithful to love's creed,  
She, made a widow in her youth,  
Hath kept her first, her fairest truth,  
And widowed is indeed.

He left her lonely when the springs  
Of life were fullest, when love clings  
With passion to its mate;  
She dropped the purple flowers of love  
Among the grass that waved above  
His grave—and learned to wait.

She gave him all she had in life,  
Her fair fond self, a perfect wife,  
With dower of hope and youth;  
She gives him all she has in death,  
Her chaste white life, untouched by breath  
Or hint against her truth.

She waits—no longest year shall bring  
To her a second spousal ring,  
    No other marriage hours ;  
She waits, until by Eden's tide,  
The bridegroom gathers for his bride  
    The fadeless passion flowers !

## Patience.

---

**H**OLD thou mine hand, beloved, as we sit  
Within the radiance of our winter fire,  
Watching the dainty shadows as they flit  
On wall and ceiling, as the flames leap higher.  
Hold thou mine hand, beloved, with the calm,  
Close clasp of love assured and at rest,  
And let the peace of home, a blessed balm,  
Fall on us, folding faithful breast to breast.  
Hold thou mine hand, beloved, while I speak  
Of all thy love hath done and borne for me,  
The stronger soul supporting still the weak,  
The good hand giving royally and free;  
The tender heart that put man's roughness by,  
To wipe weak tears from eyes too seldom dry.

I touch this thing and that, thy pretty gifts,  
The silver zone, the jewelled finger-ring,  
The outward symbols of a love that lifts  
My fate and me beyond life's buffeting.  
Yet, oh, thrice generous giver! there remains  
A thing for which I have not thanked thee yet,  
Thy patience—through the long years with their  
pains—

Thy patience with my weakness and regret.  
Ah, let me thank thee now with falling tears,  
Tears of great joy, and deep serene content,  
And God be thanked that through the weary years  
We saw together ere our lives were blent—  
Although the years were desolate and long,  
Thy patience matched thy love, and both were strong!

## Tay Bridge.

Dec. 28, 1879.

---

**T**HROUGH all the darkling horror of the storm,  
 They went upon their way, those fated ones;  
 The kiss of love, perhaps, upon their lips,  
 The echoes of "God-speed" upon their ears;  
 Yet of love's kiss was born no subtle power  
 To warn of danger on the way before,  
 Nor had love's farewell one mysterious tone  
 To whisper of the awful Nevermore:  
 But warm with life, with energy, with hope,  
 From firelight of their hearths, from roofs of friends,  
 They went their way in dark December's storm;  
 They went their way—but whither did it tend!

Perhaps they heard the music of the bells,  
 Calling on faithful hearts to come and pray  
 In God's fair temples on that Sabbath eve,  
 That last sad Sunday of the saddened year;

And well that night of nights might prayer arise  
Through weird and solemn pauses of the storm,  
For all who were "afflicted or distressed,"  
Since while the worshippers were kneeling still  
In temples decked with Christmas evergreen,  
Death put his awful sickle forth, and reaped  
A sudden, goodly harvest on the Tay!

There was no space for wailing cries of dread,  
No time for wringing hands nor wiping tears;  
One moment they were drawing life's full breath  
And in the next Death's palsy smote them dumb.  
One moment they were speeding on their way,  
A dangerous way between the wave and sky,  
And in the next a cloud-crossed moon looked down  
Upon the chasm of a broken bridge,  
Upon the boiling waters of the stream,  
Where youth and maiden, age and little child,  
Through storm and tempest unto death went down.  
There was no sound of human agony,  
No anguished shriek to tell of sudden doom,  
God's voice was louder in His raging wind,  
In furious rolling of His angry waves,  
Than crash of falling bridge or human shriek.

The morning sun will glisten on the Tay,  
The evening breeze will ripple o'er its breast,  
Memorials of the lost will come to shore  
Clutched at and hoarded by sore-stricken hearts;



The lost themselves may float in battered guise  
Unto the feet of those who watch and wait;  
The bridge may link again its fairy chain  
And stand with graceful poise in heaven's blue air,  
But whither have *they* floated, the glad hopes  
Of beating hearts that waited a new year?  
Where is the love, the gladness, that went down  
Into the seething waters of the Tay?  
Where are the dreams, ambitions, wishes, aims,  
Which filled the souls of those devoted ones?  
The bridge may span the watery space again,  
But what shall bridge the blank of broken lives?  
What shall raise hope from out the waters dark  
Of sudden sorrow, and build life anew?

No earthly power. But God will find a way;  
No bridge of earth's device may span the gulf  
That yawns between the mourners and their dead,  
But faithful hearts will make their faithful grief  
A bridge between the better land and ours,  
Where angel messengers may come and go;  
Until themselves, upon the King's Highway,  
Do pass secure o'er Death's dark water-flood,  
And meet their lost ones by another tide,  
A tide that hath no storm, no ebb nor flow,  
The river of the flood that maketh glad  
The City and the Kingdom of our God!

## The One Ewe Lamb.

---

**W**HAT bitter words were said to-night  
 Beside my hearthstone desolate !  
 What maddening sorrow brake the gloom  
 Of this for-ever-haunted room  
 When solemn twilight fell,  
 And I, new-robbed of my delight,  
 Came homeward, all at war with Fate,  
 And deafened by her funeral knell !

Before the daisied sods were placed  
 Upon her grave, my one-year wife,  
 Before the blossoms, fresh and fair.  
 Were hidden from the outer air  
 Upon her coffin-lid,  
 A stranger claimed with awful haste  
 The right to weep for that spent life,  
 Nor could I those hot tears forbid.

He came from far-off land of gold,  
Whose shores the southern waters lave;  
He came to scatter at her feet  
World's wealth and love's, to make complete  
    Their lives with perfect end;  
To claim her promise given of old,  
And found the silence of a grave,  
    Without the right that grave to tend,

And I, to whom they gave her hand,  
With full assurance of her heart,  
I, who a year ago laid down  
The dream of fame that was to crown  
    The scholar's round of toil,  
And lived to guard my wife; I stand  
Aghast, confounded at the part  
    I played, my darling's life to spoil.

I thought to make her so content,  
I thought that love must answer love,  
I spent the wealth that God had given  
As freely as the dews of heaven,  
    To beautify her lot;  
I fenced with love the way she went,  
I hung love's canopy above,  
    But now I know she heeded not.

She was my wife, she wore my ring,  
My jewels shone upon her breast,  
And while I thought that time would be  
A friend to my young wife and me,  
    And bind us soul to soul,  
Like wandering dove upon the wing,  
Her wounded spirit found no rest,  
    I had no power to make her whole.

One year she went upon her way,  
The mistress of mine ancient halls,  
One year she blessed my quiet life,  
One-year—one little year—my wife,  
    And now the tale is told;  
I laid her in her grave to-day,  
But on that grave the shadow falls  
    Of one she loved in days of old.

“My one ewe lamb!” he said to me,  
This evening when the twilight fell,  
“The poor ewe lamb her owners sold  
To thee for shameful greed of gold,  
    My lamb that thou hast slain;  
For it was death to link to thee  
The beating heart that loved me well,  
    And she hath perished of her pain.”

## THE ONE EWE LAMB.

And then he cursed me in his grief :  
Oh God ! I could find curses too,  
To think of all my wasted cares,  
My love, my longings, and my prayers,  
    For one weak woman's heart :  
But bitter words bring no relief  
For love so old, for grief so new ;  
    No curse hath healing for a smart.

She was my wife, she wore my ring,  
But now I know she was my slave,  
I know each tender look and smile  
Came from a heart that ached the while  
    For love of one away ;  
I could not win that blessed thing,  
Her girlish love—the gift she gave  
    Another in a far-off day.

He, coming home to claim his wife,  
Lies prone upon the churchyard sod ;  
And I would gladly die to win  
The peace my wife lies folded in ;  
    My wife ! my wife, said I ?  
Ah, Heaven ! the riddle of this life  
Is hard to read. She is with God,  
    Nor can I claim her though I die.

She was my wife, but was not mine.  
I bought her, as he said, with gold,  
But in my heart of hearts I am  
Clean from all hurt of his ewe lamb;  
    I did not buy a wife,  
But had no instinct to divine  
Between a heart free-given or sold;  
    And so I wrecked my darling's life.

**To the Memory of  
MRS. ELEANOR A. ROLLIT.**

Mayoress of Kingston-upon-Hull.

Died Jan. 11th, 1885.

Aged 31 years.

—♦—

**F**ORTH from the shelter of a love-lit home,  
From clinging arms that fain had held her close,  
Until life's threescore years and ten had laid  
Their snows upon her forehead, she hath passed;  
Crowning a fair life consecrate to good,  
By a fair death; obedient to God's call,  
She left the work in hand, to find a task  
Set for her in a better world than ours.

In the mid blossom-time of womanhood,  
When life was fullest, and when love was dear,  
When all for whom she laboured spake her praise,  
And her good name was blessed in the gates,  
God spake full gently: "I have need of thee,  
Come thou up hither to a higher work!"  
Ah! then what bootéd love's imploring cry,  
What power had tears to stay the dread behest;  
An angel came with rush of outspread wings,  
And when he parted, after awful pause,  
Two angels soared together to the Sun.

Ah! lonely mourners by the empty hearth,  
New-widowed husband and unmothered child,  
Grief is too fresh for words to comfort you :  
Yet are ye blessed in your sorrow, she  
For whom ye weep ~~was~~ worthy of your tears,  
And pride in her is mingled with your woe ;  
But still love shivers in her empty place,  
And all the world seems cold since she is gone .

She in the rich glad morning of her days  
Hath made, by sudden journey, the great Port  
To which, or soon or late, we all must go.  
For you, bereft, the tears of grief, for her  
The peace and joy of farthest Paradise,  
For you the mourner's wreath and cross, for her  
The crown of golden lilies and the palm,  
For you the narrow tasks of earth, for her,  
Great work for ever in the Master's sight.

Ah! let love plead with sorrow, she hath gained  
Far more than you have lost, she doth but wait  
Safe housed from tempest in that fair, far land,  
Till God make up His jewels—then one clasp  
Shall bind together husband, wife and child .



## Two Children.

---

### I.

#### KENNETH.

DECEMBER 13TH, 1879.

**H**AIL, little one ! that ere the Christmas bells  
 Peal their glad tidings to the listening earth  
 Comest from God, who gives thee happy birth  
 To happy parents. With what rapture swells  
 That strong maternal heart to which is given  
 Another tie to earth, a link to heaven.

Hail, little one ! the chill December wind  
 Blowing a snow-storm hither, wails without ;  
 But thou art wrapped around, and fenced about  
 With love's fond tendance, love that longs to find  
 New words to welcome thee, new ways to prove  
 The holy earnestness of parents' love.

Hail, little one ! Fair, winter blooming Rose !  
 Bright from thy birth-bower on the heavenly sod,  
 Sweet with new breathings of the breath of God  
 Upon thy spirit;—to a world of woes  
 Thou comest, but celestial ones they be  
 To whom God giveth charge concerning thee.

They bear thee up in strong, seraphic arms,  
They lay thee softly in the close embrace  
Of thy good mother, and the charmèd space  
Around thy cradle they have blessed from harms :  
Eyes that see God,—eyes that no more shall weep  
Watch tireless, smiling o'er thine infant sleep.

God bless thee, Baby, bless thy budding life,  
Thy mother's love so passionate and strong,  
Thy mother's heart, that makes her cradle-song  
A thousand times more eloquent and sweet  
Than those rich strains the people love to greet  
With loud and long applause and friendly strife.  
God bless thy life with sunshine and soft shower  
To perfect blossoming, sweet Winter Flower!



## II.

## JEAN.

NOVEMBER 30TH, 1832.

Thy mother gave thee, little one,  
A name to poets dear ;  
The simple, tender Scottish name,  
That Robert Burns, beloved of fame,  
Made all the world to hear.

"Heaven's armful," ran the poet's strain  
Of praise for his heart's queen,  
"Heaven's armful," surely they may say,  
To whom on that November day  
God sent thee, little Jean !

For heaven seems smiling in thy face,  
Awaking or asleep ;  
Heaven's sunshine glads thy features fair,  
And gilds the pretty rings of hair  
That o'er thy forehead creep.

Heaven's sunshine glints in thy young eyes,  
Deep wells of peace serene ;  
God grant thee sunshine all thy life,  
To gild the joy, to glad the strife,  
Bright, bonny little Jean !

Thy mother, looking on thy face,  
Forecasts the coming time,  
The days of childhood flutter by,  
And that prophetic mother-eye  
Beholds thee in thy prime.

Ah ! grow thou like her, little one ;  
To her the gift is given,  
To touch the weary soul, to cheer  
By counsel high, and friendship dear  
Hearts losing sight of heaven.

God may not give thee as to her,  
His blessed gift of song ;  
But earth's sublimest harmonies  
From gentle lives and good, arise  
In music grand and strong.

And God shall set life's strain for thee,  
With pauses soft between ;  
Thy song as daughter, sister—wife—  
Nay, dear, we cannot guess thy life ;  
God give thee all His best delight,  
God keep thy hands and spirit white,  
Bright blessed little Jean !

## Two Portraits.

---

**I** BAR the door on friends to-night,  
 And sit me here alone, apart,  
 By mine own hearth-fire, red and warm,  
 While round the house an angry storm  
     Blows, wild with wind and rain;  
 I sit me down alone to fight  
 A silent battle with my heart,  
     While yet the strife is not in vain.

Two pictures in my hands I take,  
 It is with these I have to do;  
 The face of one is passing fair,  
 The other sweet beyond compare,  
     And both have tender eyes;  
 One pair as placid as a lake  
 That mirrors Heaven's own tender blue,  
     And one as dark as midnight skies.

I turn me first unto the face  
That holds my manhood in its thrall.  
The reddest rose cannot eclipse  
The perfect crimson of those lips,  
    That seem with smiles to stir;  
The soft black tresses interlace  
Upon her forehead white, and all  
    That lovely is unites in her.

My soul goes down before that smile,  
Before the magic of those eyes;  
Hot pulses set my cheeks aflame  
If but a stranger speak her name.  
    The clasping of her hand—  
The hand I held in mine erewhile—  
Hath power to bid emotions rise  
    That put me past mine own command.

Yet looking on that face to-night,  
By this red hearth-fire here apart,  
My soul becomes a prey to doubt,  
My nature's better part speaks out  
    With solemn warning voice,  
"Yield not thyself to false delight,  
That rose hath thorns to wound thine heart,  
    Pass on, and make a nobler choice."

The red lips wear a mocking smile,  
Alas ! I fear me, holy prayer  
Hath never passed those portals through,  
Since pleasures dried the childish dew  
    They wore in far-off years ;  
The melting eyes with lure and wile,  
Peep out from cluster of her hair,  
    But never soften into tears.

The hand that lightly holds the rose  
With such a free imperious grace,  
Hath it been ever raised to lift  
The poor from out the mire, to gift  
    The wretched with relief ?  
Alas ! I know, and she too knows,  
She is not worthy of my race,  
    And yet I love her to my grief.

She is not meet to stand beside  
My mother, in mine ancient home ;  
She is not pure enough to rear  
An heir unto my father's heir ;  
    And yet my weak heart clings  
About her, rocked on passion's tide,  
Like some lost boat on ocean's foam,  
    Far out of sight of better things.

I turn me to the other face—  
My mother's—framed in silver hair;  
Oh, lady! tender, brave and true,  
With smiling in those eyes of blue,  
    Upon whose life benign  
Fell never shadow of disgrace,  
I may have given thee cause for care,  
    But not for shame, dear mother mine!

No, not for shame, not yet, not yet;  
Oh, mother! in the bygone years,  
When by thy side my book I spelt,  
When at thy knee I trusting knelt,  
    And spake the holy Name;  
I might be doomed to bring regret,  
To strike the bitter fount of tears,—  
    I was not meant to bring thee shame.

Nay! let me rather to the grave  
Go childless, when my day is done,  
And let the home of my old race  
Become a stranger's dwelling-place,  
    Before I weakly share  
The life my noble mother gave,  
With one unworthy of her son,  
    Though beautiful beyond compare.



I am but bound as Samson was,  
With "seven green withs" of passion's growth,  
The secret of my strength I kept,  
Though my Delilah prayed and wept;  
    And I can break apart  
Her bonds, like swaths of summer grass;  
And be she tender, be she wroth,  
    Take from her hold my captive heart.

Two pictures lie within my gaze,  
I turn me from the fairer face;  
The choice is made, my mother dear,  
Thou hast no shame from me to fear,  
    I break the charmer's spell;  
I turn my feet from dangerous ways,  
From luring eyes, from fatal grace,  
    And bid false love a long farewell!

## Work.

---

**I**F some great angel spake to me to-night  
In awful language of the unknown land,  
Bidding me choose from treasure infinite,  
From goodly gifts and glories in his hand  
The thing I coveted, what should I take?  
Fame's wreath of bays? the fickle world's esteem?  
Nay, greenest bays may wave on brows that ache,  
And world's applauding passeth as a dream.  
Should I choose love to fill mine empty heart,  
With soft, strong sweetness as in days of old?  
Nay, for Love's rapture hath an after-smart,  
And on Love's rose the thorns are manifold.  
Should I choose Life with long-succeeding years?  
Nay, earth's long life is longer time for tears.

I would choose Work, and never-failing power  
To work without weak hindrance by the way,  
Without recurrence of the weary hour  
When tired, tyrant Nature holds its sway  
Over the busy brain and toiling hand.  
Ah! if an angel came to me to-night,  
Speaking in language of the unknown land,  
So would I choose from treasure infinite.  
But well I know the blessed gift I crave,  
The tireless strength for never-ending task,  
Is not for this life, but beyond the grave  
It may be I shall find the thing I ask:  
For I believe there is a better land,  
Where will, and work, and strength go hand in hand.

## Historical Ballads.

### THE BALLAD OF BOTHWELLHAUGH.

1570.

Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was deprived by the Regent Moray of his estates after fighting for Mary Stuart at Langside. His wife retired to her patrimonial estate of Woodhouselee. This, though not the property of Bothwellhaugh, had been bestowed by the Regent on Sir John Bellenden, who coming to take possession, thrust out the young wife (only one day before a mother) into the deep snow of a midwinter night. She died next day after wandering the night in frenzy through the woods. Her husband, who was concealed for fear of his life in the house of his kinsman, Archbishop Hamilton of Linlithgow, determined to take the Regent's life, regarding him as the primary cause of the evil.

#### I.

**H**E fought at Langside for the queen, a gallant  
knight and good,

For bonny Mary's royal cause the foeman he with-  
stood.

For bonny Mary's crown and throne he shed his Scottish  
blood.

Oh! far and fast they rode that day who fought for Mary's  
cause,

Oh! far they fled who drew the sword for Scotland's  
ancient laws,

With sullen murmurs of defeat not victory's glad applause.

The bonny lands of Bothwellhaugh were forfeit to the foe,  
Proud Moray parted to his friends wild heath and broomy  
knowe,  
And when the fugitive went free, he had not where to go.

"There is one spot," said Bothwellhaugh, "from foot of  
traitor free,  
My wife, fair Margaret, holds her own, a trusty dame is she,  
They cannot touch her heritage, then ho ! for Woodhouselee.

Now bear me far, and bear me fast, my gallant chestnut-  
steed,  
As if we thundered to the fight, put on thy fiery speed,  
I go to comfort with my love, my Margaret in her need."

## II.

Oh ! far he rode, bold Bothwellhaugh, and fast the chest-  
nut sped,  
But ere he came to Woodhouselee he reined the horse's  
head,  
For tidings met him on the way that turned his heart to  
lead.

Beside the highway, crouching down upon a mossy stone,  
Her dim eyes shadowed from the light, he saw an ancient  
crone;  
"Now this should be my wife's old nurse, what doth she  
here alone ?"

"Thou comest late, bold Bothwellhaugh, too late they set thee free,  
The traitor's foot is on thy hearth, go not to Woodhouselee,  
Dame Margaret and thy one-day child no more have need of thee.

But whet thy blade, brave Bothwellhaugh, there's dark work to be done,  
Now nay, there is no need to haste, thou hast no living son,  
And fair dame Margaret's blue eyes will see no more the sun."

"Speak, woman, speak," cried Bothwellhaugh, "art compassed by a spell?  
I am a man, and I can bear." "The deed I have to tell  
Is darker than thy darkest thought, a deed as black as hell!"

She laid her hand upon his arm, a lean and skinny paw,  
Her eyes were lit with savage fire, yet full of sombre awe,  
And in a hushed and solemn tone she spake to Bothwellhaugh.

"Dame Margaret held her peaceful state while thou wast far away,  
She kept the hearth-fire bright for thee, in hope by night or day,  
That to the Sinclair's home unwatched, thy hunted feet might stray.

But Moray, parting out thy lands, gave quiet Woodhouse-  
lee,  
Thy wife's old home, to Bellenden, who flew in savage glee,  
To take possession of the spoil. List, Bothwellhaugh, to  
me!

She lay in child-bed white and weak, thy babe upon her arm,  
But one day had he nestled there, in shelter safe and warm,  
When on a sudden, peace gave place to sounds of wild alarm.

In savage haste brake through the doors the ruffian  
Bellenden,  
With cry and curse and ribald cath, that shame to honest  
men  
Laid hands upon my panting bird. Where was her husband  
then?

I flung myself about his feet; 'I'll have my own,' sware he,  
'No rebel, no, nor rebel's kin, shall keep fair Woodhouse-  
lee,'  
And then he, cursing, drave us forth, thy dame, thy babe,  
and me.

Oh! black the night, Lord Bothwellhaugh, and deep the  
winter snow,  
Oh! rough and rugged was the way that we were forced  
to go;  
The young babe died upon my arm. God saw the mother's  
woe!

He saw the woe she could not bear, and touched the  
tortured brain,  
She lost the sense of anguish keen, for madness followed  
pain;  
Oh God! to see that broken flower my tears fell down like  
rain."

"And then"—cried tortured Bothwellhaugh, the anger in  
his blood  
Curbed like the rage of some great beast by stronger will  
subdued—  
"Oh! then the morning dawned upon two corpses in the  
wood!"

Hot words were frozen on his tongue, he had no power to  
speak,  
Tears, wrung like life-drops from the heart, rolled slowly  
down his cheek;  
"Now think not, nurse," he said at length, "that grief  
hath made me weak.

These tears are Margaret's dear due, I count them one by  
one,  
So many for my murdered wife, so many for my son,  
So many drops of black heart's-blood shall drip ere I have  
done!



Not from the breast of Bellenden, he, like a tyrant's tool,  
But took the pay that he had earned, a ruffian and a fool,  
But for her own 'Good Regent' shall Scotland wear the  
dule!

Oh! rest thee, rest thee, darling mine, in thine untimely  
grave,  
And rest thee, rest thee, faithful nurse, nor thou nor I  
could save;  
But thou can'st hate, and I can strike, and broken hearts  
are brave!"

### III.

The Regent rides from Stirling town, he rides for Edinboro'  
In haste to seal a bloody pact for captive Mary's woe,  
In haste he rides to work her ill, the false, fraternal foe!

He rides in haste, well-armed, and fenced by many a gallant  
sword,  
His friends and soldiers press about their own elected lord,  
But through the noise of sword and spur there falls a  
warning word.

"Ride not, my lord, through Linlithgow, there's death  
within the gate,  
Concealed in Hamilton's old house a villain lies in wait;"  
"I thank thee for thy warning, Hume, but lo! it comes too  
late!"

He rides him on through Linlithgow, the dark and narrow street,  
Gives back a mournful echo to the tramp of horses' feet;  
And Bothwellhaugh awaits him there, with hungry heart  
a-beat.

He bides within his kinsman's house, fast-bolted is the door,  
His step is dulled by feather-down upon the gallery floor,  
He loads his trusty harquebuss betimes with bullets four.

He bides his time, fierce Bothwellhaugh, his shadow will  
not fall,  
Although the wintry sun shine out, upon the tell-tale wall,  
For he hath draped the lattice panes with cloth of blackest  
pall.

And in the cloth a hole is cut, here gleams his savage eye,  
The muzzle of his harquebuss will fit it, by-and-bye;  
He bides his time, dark Bothwellhaugh, and lo! the time  
is nigh!

All saddled by the garden wall the gallant chestnut steed  
Stands ready, heart and hoof, to serve his master at his  
need;  
And from the gate the lintel's gone, lest it should baulk  
his speed.

The crowd sways round the Regent's horse, he rideth  
slowly on,  
The warning voice of Hume is still, and Moray's chance is  
gone,  
He rideth calmly, slowly, by the house of Hamilton.

Then Bothwellhaugh takes steady aim, no bungling fool  
is he!  
No 'prentice shooting at the butts; he thinks on Wood-  
houselee,  
And young Dame Margaret in her grave; the bullets  
whistle free.

His keen eye follows quick as light the course the bullets  
sped,  
He sees the Regent's body fall across his horse's head,  
"Die, tyrant, in thy prime," he cries, "I have avenged my  
dead!"

## THE BALLAD OF QUEEN ELFRIDA.



## I.

**S**HE sits all lonely in her bower upon the turret stair,  
 The loveliest maiden in the land, Elfrida called the  
     fair,  
 The old bower-woman combs adown the tresses of her hair.

No smile curls round the perfect lips, no laughter lights  
     her eye,  
 Close-locked upon a silken lap, her lily fingers lie,  
 "Why droops my princess?" cries the crone, "tell old  
     Gunilda why."

"A sorry princess, I!" replies the maid with fretful frown,  
 "Why not a queen at once, good nurse?" Gunilda's eyes  
     look down,  
 And meet the blue orbs in the glass. "The stars foretell a  
     crown."

Elfrida passes from her bower, she glides adown the stair,  
The loveliest lady in the land, Earl Olgar's only heir,  
And old Gunilda's whispered words seem thrilling on the  
air.

"The stars foretell a crown," she sighs, "alack! what  
crown for me?  
What is Elfrida's beauty worth, if none come here to see?  
Oh! for the life of Edgar's court, its pomp and pageantry!"

Elfrida passes down the stair, her silken garments fall—  
With sound most musical upon the rushes in the hall,  
And low before her footsteps bow her father's vassals all.

Earl Olgar takes her by the hand, and then with friendly  
word,  
Bids Athelwold, his guest, to lead his daughter to the  
board,  
He, looking on her face, forgets the errand of his lord.

He, looking in her eyes, forgets that Edgar sent him forth,  
To see this famed Devonian maid, and test the rumour's  
worth  
That calls Earl Olgar's only child the flower of western  
earth.

And ever to his heart he says, her watching wistfully,  
"Right meet for Edgar's banquet-board and bridal bed  
is she,  
Right meet to wear a royal crown, but ah ! too fair for me."

Yet still he lingers by her side at banquet, dance, and song,  
Till low he whispers in his heart, the tempter growing  
strong,  
"If Edgar look not on her face, how hath he any wrong?"

## II.

"What news, what news, brave Athelwold?" cries Edgar,  
with a smile,  
What news from sunny Devonshire? Now is it worth our  
while  
To go a-wooing in the South, or doth report beguile?"

He bends him low, Earl Athelwold, down-dropping on his  
knee,  
"Fame spake too largely, mighty king: the maid is well  
to see,  
Like many a country damsel, but not fair enough for thee.

Yet hath she other charms, my liege, of silver and of gold,  
Broad lands and rich, and if thou give consent to Athelwold,  
Myself will woo the wealthy maid, I shall not find her cold."

"Why right good speed, my Athelwold," cries out the  
gallant king,  
"Thou art too close unto our heart to grudge thee anything,  
Go, make broad lands and gold thine own, by magic of a  
ring."

## III.

She sits all lonely in her bower, the wife of Athelwold,  
Her flowing hair encircled by a coronal of gold,  
The love-light vanished from her eyes, that glitter stern  
and cold.

She breaks the brooding silence with a sharp and bitter cry,  
"I wedded for a brighter life, that I might shine on high  
Among the stars of Edgar's court in proud supremacy.

I wedded not for foolish love of Athelwold's caress,  
I wedded not, like humble dame, his homely life to bless,  
I looked to show among my peers my youth and loveliness."

The old bower-woman draws her near and gently strokes  
adown  
Beneath the golden coronal the curls of chestnut-brown,  
"Ye were in haste, my bonnie bird, the stars foretold a  
crown!"

## IV.

He rides him gaily through the wood, young England's  
crownèd king,  
Around him in the budding boughs the little brown birds  
sing,  
And Edgar's heart sings also for the gladness of the spring.

He sweeps the scene with eagle glance, and lo! anon he sees  
A fair and stately dwelling-place embosomed in the trees,  
And to his henchman straightway cries, "Whose lands,  
whose woods are these?"

"I know not, I, my liege," replies the henchman, bowing  
low.

But one was walking by the way, with feeble steps and slow,  
"Ask me that question," cries the crone, "my king, I  
surely know."

"Then speak, good mother," says the king, without a touch  
of pride,

"The land and house are Athelwold's, the place where he  
doth hide,  
The loveliest lady in the land, his newly-wedded bride."

"The loveliest lady in the land! you fable, dame, I wot,  
The wife of Athelwold hath gold, but beauty not a jot.  
Yet, wherefore doth he mew her up in this secluded spot?"



"I tell thee, king," Gunilda cries, "not one of that bright  
band  
That cluster nearest to the throne, and in thy presence  
stand,  
Can match with Dame Elfrida's charms, the flower of all  
the land."

King Edgar turns his horse's head, "I ride to court,"  
cries he,  
"But I'll return with Athelwold, his wedded wife to see;  
And God defend Earl Athelwold if he hath cozened me!"

## V.

He kneels beside her in the dusk, and tells her all his tale,  
He nothing doubts, Earl Athelwold, that love will soon  
prevail,  
She listens in the April dusk, her tender cheek grown pale.

He tells the story of his quest, how Edgar sent him forth,  
To learn if fame had blazoned true her beauty and her  
worth,  
And how the king was fain to wed the flower of western  
earth.

She trembles softly in the dusk, he kneeling humbly by,  
Close-locked upon a silken lap her lily fingers lie,  
There is no light for him to see the flashing of her eye.

"I loved thee, loved thee!" cries the earl, "I could not stand aside,  
And watch while Edgar came to woo in all his pomp and pride,  
And so I said 'She is not fair : ' he never thought I lied.

Now all unknowing comes the king our wedded home to see,  
There is no help in all the world, but only, wife, in thee."  
Thy will is mine," she slowly says, "speak, husband, fearlessly."

"Ah true and fond!" he whispers low, "I counted on thy grace,"  
There is no light for him to see the passion in her face,  
The April dusk is deepening round, and shadows all the place.

"Thou can'st not keep thy chamber, dame, for Edgar takes no nay,  
Nor bolt, nor bar, nor spoken word, his wayward step can stay,  
But I, to cover mine offence, have found a subtle way.

Call old Gunilda (not to set thy other maids a-gape)  
And bid her choose some garment mean, of formal cut, to drape  
And in its graceless lines, disguise, the beauty of thy shape.

Then play some woman's trick to hide the glory of thine hair,  
Bethink thee wife, thine honour as my dame demands this  
care,  
Bethink thee, wife, my life is lost if Edgar find thee fair!"

She rises softly from her seat, and speaks in tender tone,  
"Fear not, my lord, thy will is mine, thy peril is my own,"  
He kisses fond her unseen face, and passes out alone.

Then from the arras where she hides Gunilda creepeth  
forth,  
"Come busk thee, busk thee, bonny bride, thou flower of  
all the earth;  
For lo! King Edgar comes to-night to share thy bridal  
mirth.

Come let me dress thee in thy best, thy white and golden  
gown,  
Come let me twine the gleaming gems among thy tresses  
brown,  
And let me whisper to thy heart, 'the stars foretell a  
crown!'"

## VI.

Elfrida passes from her bower, she steps adown the stair,  
She whispers fiercely to her heart, "The coward, doth he  
dare  
To cheat, to keep from me the crown that I of right should  
wear?"

Elfrida passes down the stair, her silken garments fall,  
With sound most musical upon the rushes in the hall,  
And low before her footsteps bow her husband's vassals all.

Elfrida enters into hall, she meets her husband's eye,  
And gazing on her, Athelwold feels all his courage die,  
He sees the snare that she hath set, and knows his hour is  
nigh.

King Edgar, standing by his side, looks on the lovely face,  
He sees her kneeling lowly down in all her blushing grace,  
"By holy cross, Earl Athelwold, thou art in happy case!"

A courtly smile is on his mouth, but menace in his look,  
And in his eyes Earl Athelwold can read as in a book,  
The presage of his coming doom, the wrath that he must  
brook.

## VII.

Elfrida bides within her bower, the morning sun is high,  
A cruel smile is on her mouth, fierce gladness in her eye,  
She waits for tidings that must come full surely by-and-bye.

The morning sun shines bright without, but deep within  
the wood,  
A solemn shadow fills the place where two men lately stood,  
The place where now dead Athelwold lies stiffening in his  
blood.

King Edgar turns his horse's head, and leaves his  
vanquished foe,  
He rides him swiftly from the wood, for he hath far to go,  
He rides with pleasure in his heart, and every pulse a-glow.

"So fare all traitors," cries the king, "his blood be on his  
head,  
A little while I wait until her woman's tears be shed,  
And then in sight of all the land Elfrida shall be wed."

They bring the dead earl home at eve, stiff, stark, and cold  
as stone,  
His widow kneels beside the corse with decent sob and  
moan,  
But whispering to her heart, "My path is open to the  
throne."

#### VIII.

Elfrida muses in her bower, the summer-time is past,  
In carven coffin in his vault, the dead earl slumbers fast,  
And through the leafless woods she hears a kingly trumpet-  
blast.

"Rise up, my bird," Gunilda cries, "and don thy silken  
gown,  
Rise up and let me wreath with gems my darling's tresses  
brown,  
Rise up to greet thy lord and king. THE STARS FORETOLD  
A CROWN!"



LONDON:

PRINTED BY LOUIS DEVERE AND CO., KENSINGTON, W.

## REVIEWS (CONDENSED)

OF "POEMS AND SONNETS," 1ST ED., 1879.

---

### "THE SPECTATOR."

These are the thoughts of a refined and cultivated woman, expressed in pleasing verse. There is often much tenderness and sweetness, as in the verses called "My Pet Name;" and, amongst others, in many of those on the flowers—on the "Heliotrope," for instance.

### "SATURDAY REVIEW."

There is a good deal of grace and tenderness in Miss Stockall's verses.

### "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

Very pretty, indeed, are many of the compositions contained in *Poems and Sonnets*, by Harriett Stockall, and their worth is fully established in some cases by the fact that several of them appeared in *All the Year Round*, a publication over which very careful supervision is understood to be exercised, especially as regards the quality of the verses admitted into its columns.

### "COURT CIRCULAR."

Shows careful workmanship and poetic feeling.

### "THE QUEEN."

Flowers in their strange affinity with human joys and sorrows; wedded love and the love parted by circumstance or death; the sense of discipline, and the hope of a peace only deferred to be more assured—these and the like form the staple of the book, which is never devoid of a tender and graceful suggestiveness.

### "NEWS OF THE WORLD."

We have here a poet commanding admiration by the force of her genius and her unaffected grace, simplicity, and pathos. We hear much said of the decline of the "art of poetry" in England, and it is true that such decline is perceptible; but it is not alone the art that has fallen off; the finer quality of inspiration is almost lost. There is a great deal of versemaking, but there are few



## REVIEWS.

poets. To the few deservedly eminent names which might be counted on the fingers of one hand, that of the authoress of this fresh and delightful volume must be added ; and public opinion will keep it permanently on the list.

### "THE GRAPHIC."

Many of the pieces have appeared in the columns of *All the Year Round*, and all shew nice sentiment, and sincere feelings of religion and loyalty.

### "SUNDAY TIMES."

There is no doubt whatever that Miss Stockall has poetic ability of no common order. Take any one of the twenty-two sections constituting "In a Garden," and you will be struck by her grace, delicacy, and close observation of nature. She has great power and versatility, and, moreover, she is not in the least infected with the unclean mysticism which a certain section of idiots call poetry in the present day. There is a ring of true poetry about Miss Stockall's verses that ought to give them a position of their own.

### "THE ERA."

The Poems and Sonnets of Harriett Stockall are smoothly written and pleasing in tone.

### "WEST LONDON OBSERVER."

Some readers dread sitting down to a long poem, quite as much as if they were compelled to listen to a *nisi prius* trial, or to read a last century sermon on Election or Predestination. There need be no misgiving on opening this book, for brevity is not the only recommendation to be awarded. There are everywhere evidences of strong natural feeling, and a healthy elevating tone pervades the volume.

### "KENSINGTON NEWS."

We were not prepared for the real treat which it has been to us to read this volume, as we have read it, from end to end. Few will be able to put it down when they once begin it. We say this in all sincerity, and we can honestly say that we have not enjoyed any collection of poems so much since first we made acquaintance with Adelaide Anne Proctor, whom, while thoroughly original, our authoress often resembles.

## REVIEWS.

### "BIRMINGHAM DAILY GAZETTE."

Miss Stockall is not only a landscape but a figure painter. There is scarcely a phase or an incident of life into which her penetrating sympathetic song does not carry her, or from which she is not able to draw wise reflection or sweet consolation. Perhaps, if anything, there is too much variety, but whatever the topic it is sure to be treated gracefully, and to have some thought drawn from it worthy of remembrance.

### KEBLE'S "MARGATE GAZETTE."

From first to last there runs a high tone, refined and elegant phraseology, and everywhere we find the marks of the true poetess. The writer speaks direct to our hearts in a manner that cannot fail to elevate, and which must leave the reader better than she found him.

### "WINCHESTER OBSERVER."

Miss Stockall's poems, most of which are reprinted from *All the Year Round* and other periodicals, have already been welcomed by some of the leading London critics and by a large circle of readers, for their grace and tenderness. They give proof of an ear thoroughly trained to musical rhythm, and a refined and cultivated mind.

### "SHREWSBURY CHRONICLE."

POEMS AND SONNETS, by Harriett Stockall.—Poets are born and not made, and amongst Nature's poets must be ranked the authoress of this charming book, who, in language of measured sweetness, appeals to our noblest instincts and excites the admiration of the reader. The songs of such a singer are welcome. Her words have the true ring of art in them, and the ring of truth. It is many a long day since we came across a writer whose poetic taste was so cultivated as hers. She possesses in an eminent degree the power of arousing the sympathy of those whom she addresses.

### "MALVERN NEWS."

Rhymes and rhythms which remind us of Tom Moore by their briskness, flow, and evenness, they are full of thought and tender feeling; thought that elevates, and feeling that is not tinctured with drowsiness or melancholy. It is too much the custom of lady poets, to take a morbid view of life—and even Mrs. Barrett Browning was not exempt from this—but Miss H. Stockall has avoided the two extremes, undue levity and sombre gloominess.



## CORRESPONDENCE.



[Copy.]

Nahant, U.S.A., July 31st, 1880.

Dear Madam,—Your letter, and the volume of Poems you were kind enough to send me, have been forwarded to me at this seaside place, and I hasten to thank you for them.

I have read the poems with great pleasure and satisfaction. They are beautifully written, and full of feeling. I congratulate you upon them.

Both in spirit and execution your work is excellent. You remember that Goethe says "the spirit in which a book is written is the main thing." To the good spirit you have added the good expression.

With many thanks, I am, dear Madam,

Yours very truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



[Copy.]

Cambridge, U.S.A., Jan. 12th, 1881.

Dear Miss Stockall,—I have just had the pleasure of receiving your kind letter, and your very graceful and generous lines addressed to me.

I hardly need say how happy I am to accept this proffered dedication of your Poems and Sonnets, in the new edition which you intend to bring out.

For this mark of your regard and good opinion, I beg you to accept in advance, my very sincere thanks.

With all good wishes for the New Year, I remain,

Very truly yours,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



## REVIEWS (CONDENSED)

### OF THE CHEAP POPULAR EDITION, 1881.

---

#### "NEWS OF THE WORLD."

We think it was Barry Cornwall who said it had been for many years his ardent wish to see his poems published in a cheap edition, so that they might become familiarised among all classes of the people; and his wish was eventually gratified. We can imagine the authoress of these delightful poems experiencing similar gratification in seeing them, after achieving popularity at the usual rate of new publications, reproduced in an edition the price of which introduces them to peasants' cottages and workmen's homes. They will there be appreciated and loved, as they are elsewhere, for the sweet thoughts pervading them, and the simple and felicitous way wherein those thoughts are expressed. Mr. Longfellow, the best of American poets, in accepting the dedication of this volume, offers a pleasing testimony of its merits. The old poet of the New World joins hands across the Atlantic with the young poetess of the Old.

#### "DAILY CHRONICLE."

A pleasing volume of smooth and graceful verse, breathing a spirit of philosophic tenderness, and displaying much delicacy of feeling. The new edition is dedicated, by permission, to Longfellow, Miss Stockall paying a generous tribute to "the great poet of the Western world," with whose gentle fancy she has much in common.

#### "SUNDAY TIMES."

We have great pleasure in welcoming a cheap edition of Miss Stockall's excellent little volume.

#### "PICTORIAL WORLD,"

Miss Stockall's poems are now so well known, and have been criticised when published in other forms, that there is no need to do more than chronicle the fact of the publication of this cheap edition.

## REVIEWS.

### "PUBLIC OPINION."

The author certainly has the power of writing poems of real merit. Throughout the book both rhythm and metre are perfect, and most of the verses have a swing and spirit about them which are very captivating. The author exhibits considerable artistic skill, a singular mastery over the resources of language and metre, and a far insight into those elements of the world around and within us which constitute its real poetry.

### "WEST LONDON OBSERVER."

Some time ago we had occasion to speak in high terms of a neat little volume of poems and sonnets from the pen of the versatile and gifted authoress, Miss Stockall. The London and provincial press were unanimous in their commendation of the volume, and eulogy of the gifted authoress. Nor was the praise confined to the British press and the British public. Henry Longfellow has borne striking testimony to the excellence of the volume. It could not be said that the first edition bore a restrictive price; but the authoress has yielded to the desire for a "cheap popular edition" of her Poems. It is dedicated to Longfellow.

### "KENSINGTON NEWS."

Miss Stockall does not take a melancholy, a sceptical, or a too exclusively sentimental view of human life; the persistent and more quiet affections take in her pages the place of the more transient and turbulent, and if there is consequently less emotional exaltation in her productions they are also for that reason more profitable.

### "HOLLOWAY PRESS."

Miss Stockall may claim admission to the exclusive ring of true poets—the illustrious numbers of which, we are almost afraid to say, do not increase in this utilitarian age. Polished versification we have in abundance, but true poetry seems to get rarer and rarer as the years roll on. Miss Stockall's poems have a vein of sadness running through them; but this is not by any means of an unwholesome description, being tempered by abundant resignation and trust.

### "BERMONDSEY ADVERTISER."

Poems and Sonnets by Harriet Stockall. Under this unpretentious title is presented to the reader a large number of compositions

## REVIEWS.

of no mean order, many of which have already appeared in *All the Year Round*. We cannot but heartily commend this volume to those who love poetry.

### "BRIGHTON EXAMINER."

Poems and Sonnets. It is seldom that we have looked into a volume of miscellaneous poems with greater pleasure than we have derived from these of Miss Stockall, whose appreciation of the good and beautiful, and the power of expressing it in elegant and graceful language, is of a most exceptional kind.

### "EASTBOURNE CHRONICLE."

Poems and Sonnets by Harriet Stockall. We cordially recommend Miss Stockall's book to all who have a taste for poetry of a high order.

### "ESSEX WEEKLY NEWS."

Essex, and other, readers of what *Punch* calls "*All the Year Round* the Second"—to wit, the new series of that famous periodical which is now being issued weekly under the able editorship of Charles Dickens the younger—can hardly fail to have been struck with a certain family likeness which characterises a goodly number of the poetical contributions appearing in its pages. Though in no way open to the imputation of sameness, there is about these particular poems a subtle and delicate flavour, a dainty grace and glow, a tender pathos and individuality that unmistakeably proclaim them to be the work of one and the same hand, and that no "prentice han" in the art of poesy. Lovers of poetry will welcome with keen interest and pleasure this charming little volume, which is dedicated by special permission to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who by the way, in an autograph letter to Miss Stockall has expressed himself in warm terms in regard to her literary efforts—terms which have been almost unanimously endorsed by the English Press.

### "DERBY MERCURY."

We can very cordially recommend it to all lovers of really tender and beautiful lyrics. Miss Stockall's work abounds in strains of exquisite pathos; the thought is refined, and the expression graceful.

### "WINCHESTER OBSERVER."

Superior to the great majority of the poetry in our magazines; thoughtful, and pleasing in style.



## REVIEWS.

### "BEDFORD RECORD."

The present volume of Harriett Stockall's poems comes to us like a pool in a desert; relieving the weary senses of the monotony and trash surrounding us. The quiet thoughts of a pure heart put into the sweetest cadence of words gives us hope for better and more pure literature among us.

### "MALVERN NEWS."

This is a cheap and popular edition of Miss Stockall's heart-stirring and poetic work, full of thought and beauty of form, perfect in rhymes and rhythms, features not always found in high-class poetry, written by first-class poets: here there is a smoothness in every line that falls pleasantly on the ear; and a pathos in the sentiment which stirs the heart, elevates the feelings that are longing for rest, and points the tired and weary soul to the "Better Beyond."

### "COLESHILL CHRONICLE."

We have perused, with increasing interest as we proceeded, Miss Harriett Stockall's "Poems and Sonnets," the cheap popular edition of which is dedicated by permission to Longfellow, and receives his warm commendation. This being so, we may well be spared our tribute to the excellence of Miss Stockall's lyrics.

### "YORKSHIRE CHRONICLE."

There is about the volume a quiet charm and a subtle fascination which impels the reader to go on from page to page until he leaves it with regret, and with a feeling that the authoress, whoever she may be, is a genuine songster. No one can read, for instance, the twenty-two poems which are mustered together under the title of "In a Garden," without being convinced that the authoress is endowed with the poetic spirit in no small degree.

### "LINCOLNSHIRE CHRONICLE."

There is a ring of healthy religious feeling in the book, and it may be cordially recommended to all who have a taste for that class of songs which "have power to quiet the restless pulse of care."

### "MAN OF ROSS."

The poems contained in this little work are charming, many being bright and sparkling. All who love true poetry will find much pleasure in a perusal of its pages.









